



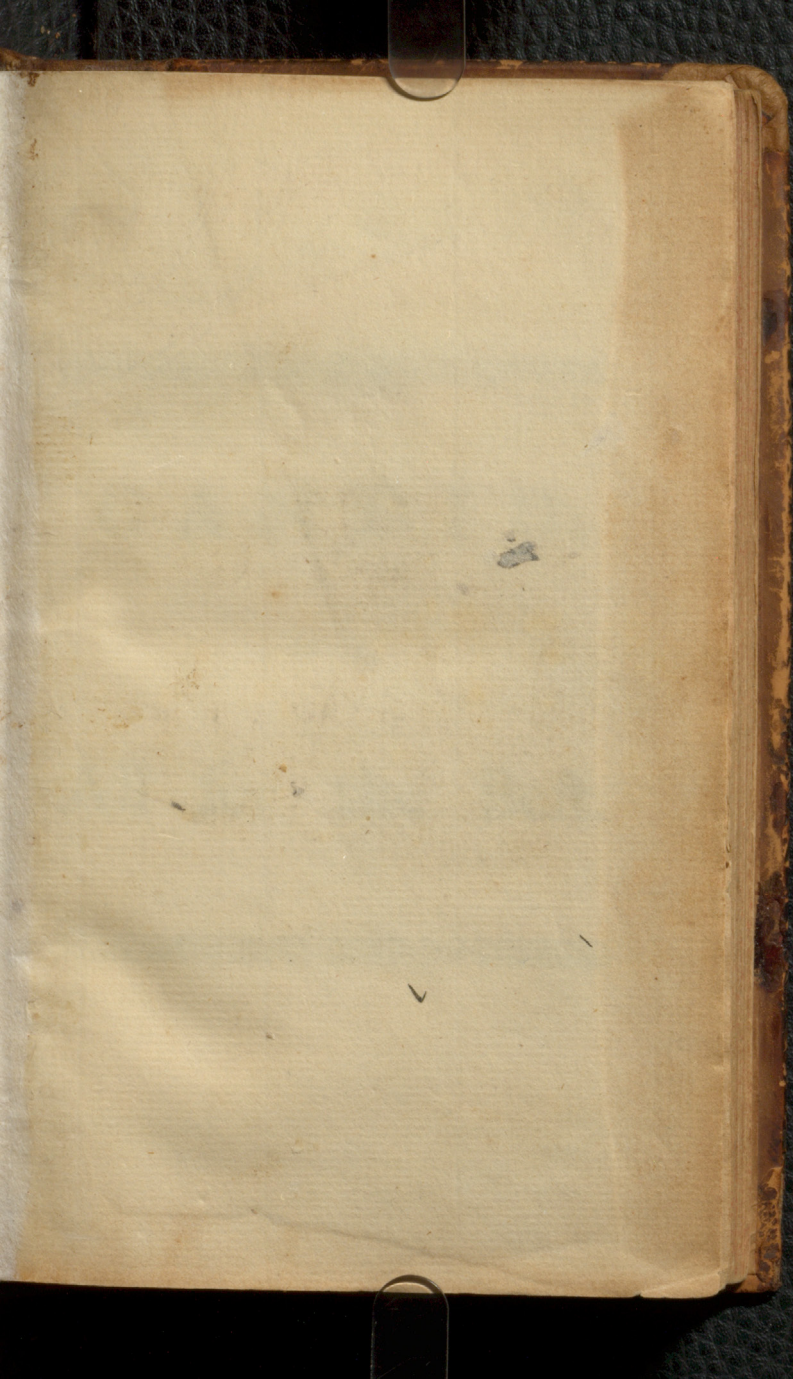


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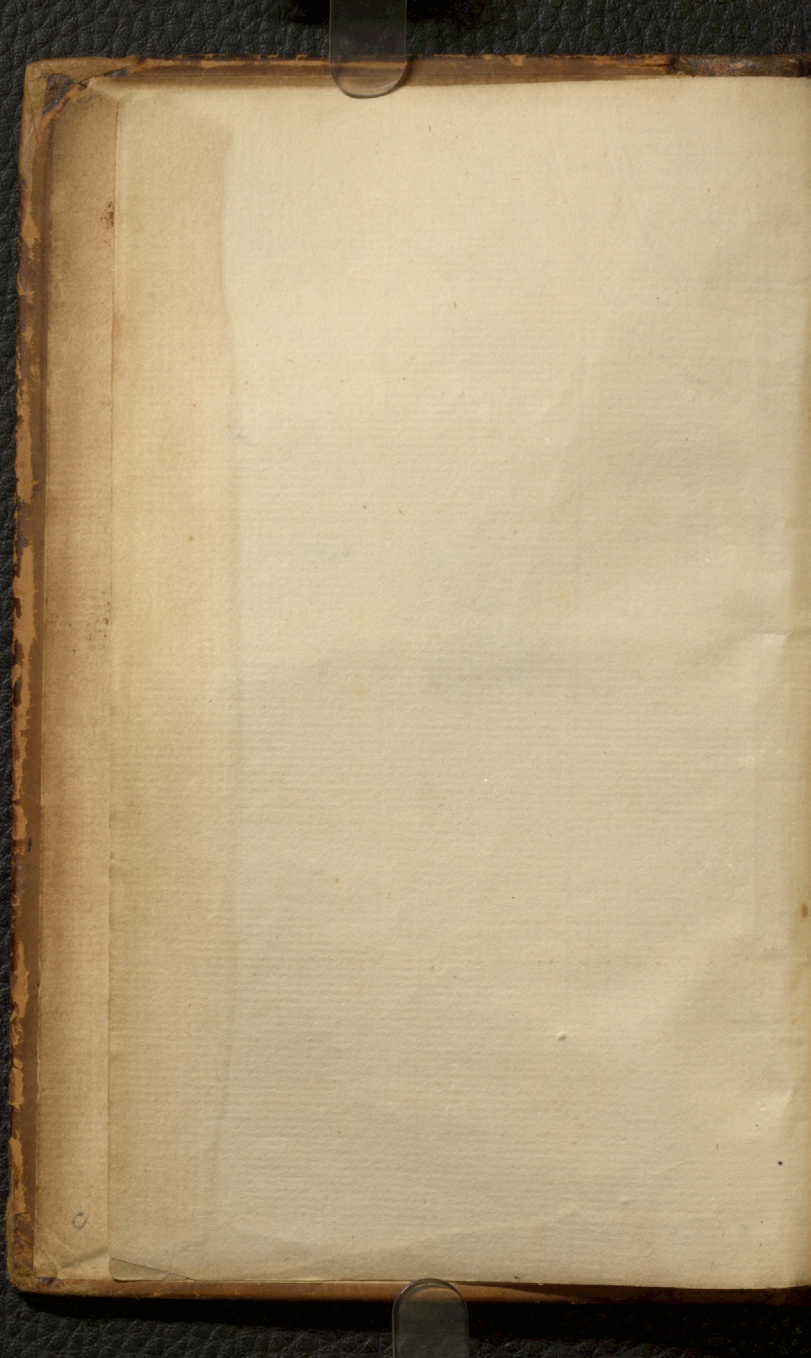


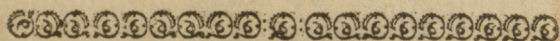
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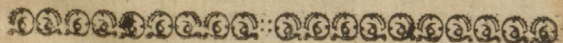




C A N D I D:

O R,

All for the Best.





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CAN DID:

O R

All for the Best.

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# CANDID:

O R,

## All for the Best.

*Translated from the French of*

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

*The SECOND EDITION, carefully revised  
and corrected.*



LONDON,

Printed for J. NOURSE at the Lamb opposite  
*Katherine-Street in the Strand.*

MDCCLIX.



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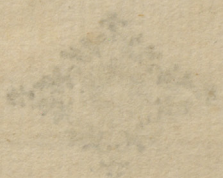
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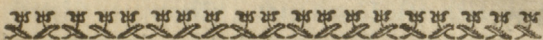
C A N D I D ;



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## All for the Best.



### CHAP. I.

*How Candid was brought up in a magnificent castle,  
and how he was expelled from thence.*

 N a castle of Westphalia, belonging to the baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, lived a youth, whom nature had blessed with a most sweet disposition. His countenance was a true picture of his mind. He had a sound judgment, with great frankness and simplicity, which was the reason, I apprehend, of his being called *Candid*. The old servants of the family suspected him to have been the son of the

B

baron's



baron's sister, by a good-natured worthy gentleman of the neighbourhood, whom that young lady refused to marry, because he could produce no more than seventy-one quarterings in his arms, the rest being lost through the injuries of time.

The baron was one of the most powerful lords in Westphalia; for his castle had not only a gate, but even windows, and his great hall was hung with tapestry. He used to hunt with his mastiffs and spaniels, instead of hounds; his grooms were his huntsmen; and the country curate was his grand almoner. They all called him, My Lord, and were sure to laugh whenever he was pleased to tell a story.

The baron's lady weighed about three hundred and a half, and upon that consideration was greatly revered; but she did the honours of the house with a dignity that commanded still greater respect. Her daughter Cunegund was seventeen years of age, fresh coloured, comely, plump, and desirable. The baron's son seemed to be a youth in every respect worthy of his father. Pangloss, the preceptor, was the oracle of the family; and little Candid gave ear to his instructions with all the simplicity becoming his age, and natural temper of mind.

Pangloss was professor of the metaphysico-theologico-cosmolo-nigology. He could prove most admirably, that there is no effect without a cause, and that in this world, the best of all possible worlds, the baron's

ron's castle was the most magnificent of all castles, and his lady the best of baronesses that could possibly exist.

It is demonstrable, said he, that things cannot be otherwise than as they are: for all things having been created for some end, they must consequently be intended for the best. Observe, that the nose is formed for spectacles, and therefore we wear spectacles. The legs are visibly designed for stockings, and therefore we wear stockings. Stones were made to be hewn, and to construct castles; therefore my lord has a magnificent castle: for the greatest baron in the province ought to be the best lodged. Swine were intended to be eat; therefore we eat pork all the year round: and they who assert, that every thing is right, do not express themselves correctly; they should say that every thing is best.

Candid listened attentively, and believed implicitly; for he thought miss Cunegund excessively handsome, though he never had the courage to tell her so. He concluded, that after the happiness of being baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, the next was that of being miss Cunegund, the next that of seeing her every day, and the last that of hearing the doctrine of master Pangloss, the greatest philosopher of the whole province, and consequently of the whole world.

One day that Cunegund went to take a walk in a little neighbouring wood, which they called the park, looking through the bushes, she espied doctor Pangloss



Pangloss giving a lecture in experimental philosophy to her mother's chambermaid, a little brown wench, very pretty, and very docil. As miss Cunegund had a great disposition for the sciences, she observed with the utmost attention the experiments repeated before her eyes; she clearly perceived the force of the doctor's reasoning upon causes and effects; she turned back greatly flurried, quite pensive, and filled with the desire of knowledge; imagining that she might be a *sufficient reason* for young Candid, and he for her.

In her way back she met the youth, and blushed; Candid also blushed: she wished him good morrow in a faltering tone; and he returned the salute without knowing what he said. The next day, as they rose from dinner, Cunegund and Candid got behind the screen, when Cunegund dropped her handkerchief, and Candid took it up; she innocently laid hold of his hand, and the youth as innocently kissed the young lady's hand with an eagerness, sensibility, and grace,—all very particular; their lips met, their eyes sparkled, their knees trembled, their hands strayed . . . . . Baron Thunder-ten-tronckh happening to come by, and beholding this cause and effect, gave Candid a kick on the backside, and drove him out of doors; miss Cunegund fainted away; and as soon as she came to herself, the baroness boxed her ears: thus a general consternation was spread over this most magnificent and most agreeable of all possible castles.

## C H A P. II.

*What became of Candid among the Bulgarians.*

CANDID being driven out of this terrestrial paradise, rambled a long time, without knowing where he was: his eyes, bedewed with tears, were sometimes raised towards heaven, and sometimes turned towards the magnificent castle, where lived the fairest of all baronesses. Though it snowed very hard, he layed himself down to sleep in a furrow, without his supper. In the morning he awaked almost frozen to death, and made a shift to crawl to the next town, which was called Waldberghoff-trarbk-dikdorff: having no money, and being ready to perish with hunger and fatigue, he placed himself in a melancholy posture before an inn-keeper's door. In this situation he was taken notice of by two men dressed in blue, one of whom said to the other, *See here is a well made young fellow, and of a proper size*; upon which they made up to Candid, and very civilly invited him to dinner. Gentlemen, replied Candid with a most engaging modesty, you do me a great deal of honour, but I have no money. O, sir, said one of the blues to him, lads of your appearance and merit should never pay any thing: are not you five feet five inches high? Yes, gentlemen, that is my size, answered he, making a low bow. Come,



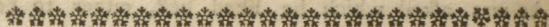
fir, sit down along with us ; we'll not only pay your reckoning, but we'll never suffer such a clever fellow as you to want money ; mankind were born to assist one another. You are right, said Candid ; this is what I was always taught by Mr. Pangloss ; and I see plainly, that every thing is for the best. They beg of him to accept of a few crowns, which he complies with ; he wants to give them his note, but they refuse it, and place themselves at table. Are not you deeply in love ? . . . . O yes ! answered he, I am deeply in love with miss Cunegund : no, replied one of the blues, we ask you whether you are not deeply in love with the king of the Bulgarians ? Not at all, said Candid, I never saw him in my life. Is it possible ! O, he is a most charming king ; we must drink his health. With all my heart, gentlemen, and he drinks. Well, they tell him, you are now the support, the defender, the heroe of the Bulgarians ; your fortune is made, you are in the high-road to glory. Instantly they hand-cuff him, and carry him away to the regiment. There he is made to wheel about to the right, and to the left ; to draw his rammer, to return his rammer, to present, to fire, to march ; and they give him thirty blows with a stick : the next day he does his exercise a little better, and he receives but twenty : the day following they let him off with ten, and his comrades look upon him as a surprizing young fellow.

Candid

Candid was confounded, and could not for the life of him conceive what made him a hero. It came into his head upon a very fine day in the spring, to take a walk, and he marched straight forward, looking upon it as a privilege of the human species, as well as of the brute creation, to make use of their legs in what manner they pleased. He had not advanced two leagues, when he was overtook by four other heroes six feet high, who bound him, and carried him to a dungeon. A court-martial sat upon him, and he was asked which he liked best, either to be whipped six and thirty times through the whole regiment; or to have his brains blown out at once with twelve musquet-balls. In vain was it for him to tell them that the human will is free, and that he chose neither; they obliged him to make a choice, and he determined, in virtue of that divine gift called liberty, to run the gauntlet six and thirty times. He had gone through this discipline twice, and the regiment being composed of two thousand men, that composed for him four thousand strokes, which laid bare all his muscles and nerves, from the nape of the neck quite down to his rump. As they were going to proceed to a third whipping, Candid, unable to withstand the operation any longer, begged as a favour that they would be so good as to shoot him: the favour being granted, they pull a cap over his eyes, and bid him kneel down. At this very instant, the king of the Bulgarians happening to pass by, inquires into the nature of the crime: being a prince  
of



of great penetration, he found that Candid was a young metaphysician, extremely ignorant of the world, and therefore, out of his great clemency, he condescended to pardon him; for which his name will be celebrated in all the journals, and throughout all ages. An able surgeon makes a cure of Candid in three weeks by means of emollients taught by Dioscorides. His wounds were now skinned over, and he was able to march, when the king of the Bulgarians gave battle to the king of the Abares.



### C H A P. III.

*How Candid made his escape from the Bulgarians, and what afterwards became of him.*

**T**H E R E was never any thing so gallant, so well accoutered, so brilliant and so well disposed, as the two armies. Trumpets, fifes, hautboys, drums, and cannon, made such music, as the devil himself never heard in hell. The cannonading first of all laid flat about six thousand men on each side; the musquet-balls swept away out of the best of worlds, nine or ten thousand ruffians that infected the surface of the earth. The bayonet was next a *sufficient reason* for the death of several thousands. The whole might amount to thirty thousand souls. Candid trembled like a philosopher, and concealed himself as well as he could during this heroic butchery.

At

At length, while the two kings were causing Te Deum to be sung in each of their camps, Candid took a resolution to go and reason somewhere else, about effects and causes. After he had passed over heaps of dead, or dying men, the first place he came to was a neighbouring village, which belonged to the Abares, and had been set on fire by the Bulgarians, according to the laws of war. Here lay a number of old men covered with wounds, who beheld their wives dying with their throats cut, and hugging their children to their breasts all stained with blood. There the young virgins, with their bellies ripped open, after they had been subject to the natural necessities of Bulgarian heroes, breathed their last; while others, half burnt in the flames, begged to be dispatched out of the world. The earth was strewed with the brains, arms, and legs of dead men.

Candid made all the haste he could to another village, which belonged to the Bulgarians; and there he found that the heroic Abares had acted the same tragedy. From thence continuing to walk over shattered palpitating limbs, or through ruined buildings, he arrived at last beyond the seat of war, with a little provision in his knapsack, and miss Cunegund always in his heart. At his arrival in Holland, his provision failed him; but having heard that the inhabitants of this country were all rich, and Christians, he made no doubt but he should meet with the same treatment from them, as he had met with in the baron's castle, before miss

Cune-



Cunegund's bright eyes were the cause of his expulsion from thence.

He asked charity of several grave looking people, who unanimously answered him, that if he continued to follow this trade, they would confine him to the house of correction, where he should be taught to get his bread.

The next he addressed himself to, was a person who had been haranguing a large assembly for a whole hour, on the subject of charity. But the orator looking askew, said, What brought you hither? Are you for the good cause? There can be no effect without a cause, answered Candid in a submissive manner, the whole is necessarily concatenated, and arranged for the best. It was necessary for me to have been banished the presence of miss Cunegund, to have afterwards run the gauntlet, and now it is necessary I should beg my bread till I am able to get it; all this cannot be otherwise. My friend, said the orator to him, do you believe the pope to be antichrist? I never heard any thing said about it, answered Candid; but whether he is or is not, I have not a morsel of bread. Thou deservest none, said the other; be gone, varlet; be gone, wretch; never come near me while thou livest. The orator's wife put her head out of the window, when espying a man that doubted whether the pope was antichrist, she discharged upon his head a chamber-pot full of— O heavens, to what excess does religious zeal transport the sex!

A man

A man who had never been christened, a good anabaptist, named James, beheld the cruel and ignominious treatment shewn to one of his brethren, to a rational being, with two feet, and no feathers : moved with pity he carried him to his own house, got him clean, gave him to eat and to drink, made him a present of two florins, and intended to instruct him in his trade of weaving Persian silks, which are fabricated in Holland. Candid threw himself at his feet, and cried out, Master Pangloss was in the right, when he said that every thing was for the best in this world ; for I am infinitely more affected with your extraordinary generosity, than with the inhumanity of that gentleman in the black cloak, and his wife. The next day as he was walking out, he met a beggar all covered with scabs, his eyes sunk in his head, the end of his nose corroded, his mouth distorted, his teeth black, snuffing through his nose, coughing most violently, and out came a tooth every time he tried to spit.



## C H A P. IV.

*How Candid found his old master Pangloss, and what happened to them.*

CANDID, more touched with compassion than struck with horror, gave to this shocking figure the two florins, which he had received of honest James the anabaptist. The spectre looked at him  
very



very earnestly, dropped a few tears, and in a rapture enfolded him in his arms. Candid, quite aghast, withdrew himself. Then said one wretch to the other, **Alas!** don't you know your dear Pangloss? What found is this? Is it you, my dear master! you in this terrible plight! And what misfortune has happened to you? What has brought you away from that most magnificent of all castles? What's become of miss Cunegund, the mirror of young ladies, and nature's master-piece? I am so weak that I cannot stand, said Pangloss; upon which Candid carried him to the anabaptist's stable, and got him something to eat. As soon as Pangloss had refreshed himself a little; Well, said Candid, what news of Cunegund? She is dead, replied the other. At these words Candid fainted; but his friend recovered him by the help of a little bad vinegar, which he found by accident in the stable. Candid opening his eyes again, cries out, Cunegund is dead! Ah, best of worlds, where art thou? But of what illness did she die? was it for grief, upon seeing her father kick me out of his magnificent castle? No, said Pangloss, her belly was ripped open by the Bulgarian soldiers, after they had ravished her; they likewise knocked the baron her father on the head, for attempting to defend her; my lady her mother was cut in pieces; my poor pupil was served just in the same manner as his sister: and as for the castle, they have not left one stone upon another; they have destroyed all the ducks, and all the sheep; neither have they left one barn or tree stand-

ing: but we have had our revenge, for the Abares have done the very same thing in a neighbouring barony, which belonged to a Bulgarian lord.

At this discourse Candid fainted a second time, but coming to himself, and having said all that it became him to say, he enquired into the cause and effect, as well as into the *sufficient reason* that had reduced Pangloss to so miserable a condition. Alas! said the other, it was love; love, the comfort of the human species, the preserver of the universe, the soul of all sensible beings, love, tender love. Indeed, said Candid, I have some knowledge of love myself, the sovereign of hearts, the soul of our souls; yet it never cost me more than a kiss and twenty kicks on the backside. But how could this beautiful cause produce in you so hideous an effect?

Pangloss made answer in these terms: O my dear Candid, you remember Paquette, that pretty wench who waited on our noble baroness: in her arms I tasted the pleasures of paradise, which produced those hell-torments with which you see me devoured. She was infected with the distemper, and perhaps is since dead of it. This present, Paquette received of a learned Cordelier, who had traced it to the source; he was indebted for it to an old countess, who had it of a captain of horse; he had it of a marchioness, who had it of a page; the page had it of a Jesuit, who in his novitiate had it in a direct line from one of the companions of Christo-



pher Columbus. For my part I shall give it to nobody, I am a dying man.

O Pangloss! cried Candid, what a strange genealogy! Is not the devil the original source of it? Not at all, replied this great man, it was a thing unavoidable, a necessary ingredient, in the best of worlds: for if Columbus had not caught in an American island this disease, which contaminates the source of generation, is frequently an impediment thereto, and evidently opposite to the great end of nature, we should have had neither chocolate nor cochineal: we are also to observe, that even to the present time, in this continent of ours, this malady, like religious controversy, is confined to ourselves. The Turks, the Indians, the Persians, the Chinese, the Siamese, and the Japanese, know nothing of it; yet there is a sufficient reason to make us conclude that they will be acquainted with it in a few centuries hence. In the mean time, it has made prodigious havock among us, especially in those armies composed of well disciplined hirelings, who determine the fate of nations; for we may safely affirm, that when an army of thirty thousand men fights another in equal numbers, there are about twenty thousand of them p-x-d on each side.

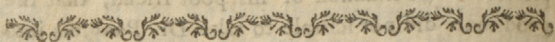
Surprising! said Candid: but you must get cured. Alas! how can I, said Pangloss, I have not a farthing, my friend; and this I know, that all over the globe, there is no possibility of being let blood, or of getting a glister, without a fee.

This

This last speech had its effect upon Candid; he went and flung himself at the feet of James, the charitable anabaptist, and gave him so striking a picture of the situation of his poor friend, that the good man did not scruple to take Dr. Pangloss into his house, and had him cured at his own expence. Under the operation Pangloss lost only an eye and an ear. As he wrote a good hand, and understood accounts very well, the anabaptist made him his book-keeper. At the expiration of two months, being obliged to go to Lisbon about some mercantile affairs, he took the two philosophers with him in the same ship. Pangloss explained to him how every thing was so constituted as it could not be better. James was not of this opinion. Mankind, said he, must, in some things, have deviated from their original innocence; for they were not born wolves, and yet they worry one another like those beasts of prey: God never gave them twenty-four pounders, nor bayonets; and yet they have made cannon and bayonets to destroy one another. Into this account I might throw not only bankruptcies, but the law which seizes on the effects of bankrupts, only to cheat the creditors. All this was indispensably necessary, replied the one-eyed doctor: for private misfortunes constitute the general good, so that the more private misfortunes there are, the greater is the general good. While he was arguing in this manner, the sky



darkened, the winds blew from the four quarters of the compass, and the ship was assailed by a most terrible tempest within sight of the port of Lisbon.



## C H A P. V.

*A tempest, a shipwreck, an earthquake, and what became of doctor Pangloss, Candid, and James the anabaptist.*

ONE half of the passengers were so sick, and their nerves so shattered by the rolling of the ship, that they were not even sensible of their danger. The other half, either made loud outcries, or fell to their prayers; the sails were tattered, the masts were brought to the board, and the vessel was rived. All hands aloft; but nobody could be either heard or obeyed. The anabaptist being upon deck, bore a hand; when a brutish sailor gave him a knock, and laid him sprawling; but with the violence of the blow, he himself tumbled head foremost overboard, and stuck upon a piece of a broken mast. Honest James flies to his assistance, and with great difficulty hauls him up again; but in the attempt he falls into the sea himself, in sight of the very sailor whom he had saved; yet the barbarous wretch deigned not even to take the least notice of him. Candid draws near, and sees his benefactor one moment rising above water, and the next swallowed up by the merciless deep.

He was just going to jump after him, but was prevented by the philosopher Pangloss, who demonstrated to him that the coast of Lisbon had been made on purpose for the anabaptist to be drowned. While he was proving this *à priori*, the ship foundered, and the whole crew perished, except Pangloss, Candid, and the sailor who drowned the good anabaptist; the villain swam ashore, but Pangloss and Candid escaped upon a plank.

As soon as they were recovered, they walked towards Lisbon: with what little money they had left, they hoped to save themselves from starving, after they had narrowly escaped being drowned. Scarce had they, lamenting the death of their benefactor, set foot in the city, but they perceived the earth to tremble under their feet; and the sea swelling, and foaming in the harbour, dashed in pieces the vessels riding at anchor. Large sheets of flames and cinders covered the streets and public places, the houses tottered, and were tumbled topsy-turvy down even to their foundations, and those were dispersed; and thirty thousand inhabitants of all ages and sexes were buried in the ruins. Says the sailor, whistling and swearing, Zounds, there is something to be got here. What can be the *sufficient reason* of this phenomenon? said Pangloss. This is certainly the day of judgment, cried Candid. The sailor defying death in pursuit of plunder, rushed forthwith into the midst of the ruins; and there he found some money, with which he got drunk: and after he had slept himself sober,



he purchased the favours of the first good natured wench that fell in his way. As he was thus wantonly rioting in the ruins of demolished houses, and amidst the groans of dying persons, Pangloss came and pulled him by the sleeve, saying, this is not right, my friend, you trespass against the *universal reason* and fitness of things; this is not a proper time for such extravagances. S'blood and fury, answered the other, I am a sailor, and born at Batavia; four times have I trampled upon the crucifix in four voyages to Japan; you have pitched upon a very pretty fellow with your universal reason and fitness of things.

In the mean time Candid, being wounded by some pieces of stones that fell from the houses, lay stretched in the street, almost covered with rubbish. For God's sake, said he to Pangloss, get me a little wine and oil, I am dying. This concussion of the earth is no new thing, answered Pangloss: the city of Lima, in America, experienced the same convulsions last year; the same cause, the same effects; there is certainly a train of sulphur under ground from Lima to Lisbon. Nothing more probable, said Candid, but for the love of God, a little oil and wine. Probable? replied the philosopher; I maintain that the point is capable of being demonstrated. Candid fainted away; and Pangloss fetched him some water from a neighbouring fountain.

The next day, rummaging among the ruins, they found some eatables, with which they repaired their exhausted strength. After this they joined the rest of the

the inhabitants, in relieving the distressed and wounded. Some, whom they had humanely assisted, gave them as good a dinner as could be expected under such terrible circumstances: true, the repast was mournful, and the company moistened their bread with tears; but Pangloss endeavoured to console them, by affirming that things could not be otherwise than as they were; because, said he, all this is fittest and best; for if there is a volcano at Lisbon, it could be in no other spot: for it is impossible but things should be as they are: for every thing is right.

Near him sat a little man dressed in black, belonging to the inquisition\*, who taking him up with great complaisance, said, Very likely, sir, you do not believe in original sin; for if every thing is best and fittest, there could have been no such thing as the fall, or punishment of man.

I humbly ask your excellency's pardon, answered Pangloss still more politely, for the fall and curse of man, necessarily entered into the system of the best of worlds. Therefore, sir, said the other, you do not believe any such thing as liberty. Your excellency will be so good as to excuse me, said Pangloss; liberty is consistent with absolute necessity, for it was necessary we should be free; for, in short, the determinate will . . . .

Pangloss was in the middle of his proposition, when the inquisitor beckoned to his attendant to help him to a glass of Port wine.

\* One of the subordinate officers of the inquisition, who are known in Spain by the name of *familiares*, because they act as spies in different families.



## CHAP. VI.

*How the Portuguese made a pompous Auto-da-fé, to prevent any further earthquakes; and how Candid was publicly whipt.*

**A**FTER the earthquake had destroyed three fourths of the city of Lisbon, the sages of that country could think of no means more effectual to preserve the kingdom from utter ruin, than to entertain the people with an Auto-da-fé. For it had been decided by the university of Coimbra, that the burning of a few people alive, by a slow fire, and with great ceremony, is an infallible secret to prevent earthquakes.

In consequence hereof, they had seized on a Biscayner, for marrying his godmother; and on two Portuguese, for taking out the bacon as they were eating a larded pullet: after dinner they came and secured doctor Pangloss, and his disciple Candid, the one for speaking his mind, the other for seeming to approve of what he said. They were conducted to separate apartments, extremely cool, being never incommoded by the sun: eight days after they were dressed in a *sanbenito*, and their heads were crowned with paper mitres. Candid's mitre and *sanbenito* were painted with flames reversed, and with devils that had neither tails nor claws: but Pangloss's devils had both tails and claws, and the flames were upright. In this habit they marched in

pro-

procession, and heard a very pathetic sermon, which was followed by an anthem set to music. Candid was whipt in cadence, while they were singing; the Biscayner, and the two men who would not eat bacon, were burnt; and Pangloss, though there had been no instance of the like punishment, was hanged. The same day there was another earthquake, which made a most terrible havock.

Candid, affrighted, terrified, confounded, astonished, all bloody, and trembling every limb of him, said to himself; If this is the best of possible worlds, what are the others? Well, if I had been only whipped, I could put up with it, for I met with the same usage among the Bulgarians; but, O my dear Pangloss! thou greatest of philosophers, that it should be my hard fate to see thee hanged, without knowing for what! O my dear anabaptist, thou best of men, that it should be thy fate to be drowned in the very harbour! O miss Cunegund, thou mirror of young ladies! that it should be thy fate to have thy belly ripped open!

Thus he was musing, though scarce able to stand, after having been preached to, whipt, absolved, and received benediction, when an old woman accosted him, and said, Child, take courage, and follow me.



## CHAP. VII.

*How the old woman took care of Candid, and how he found the object he loved.*

CANDID indeed could not take courage, but followed the old woman to a decayed house, where she gave him a pot of pomatum to anoint his sores, shewed him a very neat bed, with a suit of cloaths hanging up, and left him victuals and drink. Eat, drink, and take your rest, said she, and may our lady of Atocha, the great St. Antony of Padua, and the great St. James of Compostella, receive you under their protection. I shall be back to-morrow. Candid, amazed at all he had seen, at all he had suffered, and, more than all, at the charity of the old woman, wanted to kiss her hand. It is not my hand you ought to kiss, said the old woman; I shall be back to-morrow. Anoint yourself with the pomatum, eat, and go to sleep.

Candid, notwithstanding so many disasters, eat and slept. The next morning the old woman brought him his breakfast, looked at his back, and rubbed it herself with another ointment: in like manner she brought him his dinner; and at night she returned with his supper. The day following she went through the very same ceremonies. Who are you? said Candid; what deity has inspired you with so much goodness? what return can I make you? The good woman made him no answer; but came back

back in the evening, without bringing him his supper : Come along with me, said she, and don't say a word. She took him under her arm, and walked with him about a quarter of a mile into the country, where they arrived at a lonely house, furrounded with moats and gardens. The old woman knocked at a little door, which opened directly, and she shewed him up the back-stairs into a small apartment, richly furnished. She left him on a brocaded sofa, shut the door, and went away. Candid, in amaze, considered his whole life hitherto as a mournful dream, but the present moment as a very agreeable one.

The old woman returned very soon, supporting, with great difficulty, a lady scarce able to stand ; she was of a majestic mien, and stature ; her attire was rich, and glittering with diamonds ; and her face was covered with a veil. Take off that veil, said the old woman to Candid. The young man approaches, and with awful reverence takes off the veil. What a happy moment ! what surprize ! he believed he saw miss Cunegund ; and he really did see her, for it was she herself. His strength fails him, he is dumb, and falls at her feet. Cunegund faints upon the sofa. The old woman bedews them with spirits ; they recover, and begin to speak. At first they expressed themselves in broken accents ; their questions and answers were alternately interrupted with sighs, with tears, with cries : the old woman desired they would make less noise ; and left them to them-



themselves. And is it you? said Candid to her; are you then alive! and do I find you again in Portugal? then you have not been ravished? then they did not rip open your belly, as the philosopher Pangloss informed me? Yes they did, said Cunegund; but those two accidents are not always mortal. But were your father and mother killed? That's but too true, answered Cunegund, and wept. And your brother? My brother was also killed. And how came you into Portugal? and how did you know of my being here? and by what strange adventure did you contrive to bring me to this house? I will tell you, replied the lady; but first of all let me know your history, from the time of the innocent kiss you gave me at my father's house, and the rude kicking you then received.

Candid respectfully obeyed her, and though he was still in a surprize, though his voice was low and tremulous, though his back pained him, yet he gave her a most ingenuous account of every thing that had befallen him, since the moment of their separation. Cunegund lifted up her eyes to heaven; and shed tears when he related the death of the good anabaptist, and of Pangloss; after which she made the following narration to Candid, who lost not one syllable she uttered, and looked stedfastly at her all the while.

## C H A P. VIII.

*The History of Cunegund.*

I Was in bed and fast asleep, when it pleased heaven to send the Bulgarians to our delightful castle of Thunder-ten tronckh; where they slew my father and brother, and cut my mother in pieces. A tall Bulgarian, six feet high, perceiving that I had fainted at this sight, attempted to ravish me: this brought me to my senses; I cried, I struggled, I bit, I scratched, I wanted to tear this tall Bulgarian's eyes out, not knowing that what had happened in my father's castle, was a customary thing. The brute gave me a cut in the left side with his hanger, the mark of which I still carry. I am in great hopes I shall see it, said honest Candid: you shall, said Cunegund; but let us proceed. Do so, replied Candid.

And thus she resumed the thread of her story. A Bulgarian captain came in, and saw me weltering in my blood, and the soldier not in the least disconcerted. The captain flew into a passion at the disrespectful behaviour of the brute to him, and killed him, while he was even upon me. He got me cured, and carried me prisoner of war to his quarters. I washed what little linen he was master of, and dressed his viſtuals: he thought me very pretty, I must confess; neither

D

can



can I deny that he was well made, and had a white soft skin, but he was stupid, and little of a philosopher; in short, you might plainly see that he had not been educated under doctor Pangloss. In three months time, having lost all his money, and being grown tired of my company, he sold me to a Jew, named Don Issachar, who traded to Holland and Portugal, and was passionately fond of women. This Jew caressed me extremely, but never could prevail; I made a better resistance against him than against the Bulgarian soldier. A modest woman may be once ravished, but her virtue is thereby strengthened. In order to render me more complying, he brought me to this country house that you see. Hitherto I had imagined that nothing could equal the beauty of the castle of Thunder-tronckh; but I found I was mistaken.

The grand inquisitor saw me one day at mass, was smitten with my person, and sent to let me know he wanted to speak with me about private business. I was conducted to his palace, where I acquainted him with the history of my family: he represented to me, how much it was beneath a person of my birth, to belong to a circumcised Israelite. A proposal then was made to Don Issachar, that he should resign me to my lord. Don Issachar, being the court banker, and a man of credit, would not acquiesce. The inquisitor threatened him with an Auto-da-fé; in short, my Jew was frightened into a composition, that both the house and myself should be in common between them; that the Jew should have Monday, Wed-

Wednesday, and his sabbath to himself; and the other days I should be the inquisitor's. It is now six months since this agreement was made, during which time they have often contested, whether the space from Saturday night to Sunday morning, belonged to the old or new law. For my part, I have hitherto held out against them both; and I verily believe that this is the reason why I am still beloved by them.

At length, to avert the scourge of earthquakes, and to intimidate Don Issachar, my lord inquisitor was pleased to celebrate an Auto-da-fé. He did me the honour to invite me to the ceremony. I had a very good seat, and the ladies were served with refreshments between mass and the execution. I was really shocked at the burning of those two Jews, and the honest Biscayner, that married his godmother: but how great my surprize, my consternation, and concern, when I beheld a figure so like Pangloss, dressed in a sanbenito and mitre! I rubbed my eyes, I looked upon him attentively, I saw him hanged, and I fainted away: but no sooner was I recovered, than I beheld you stark naked, and this was the full measure of horror, grief, and despair. I shall ingenuously own to you, that your skin is far whiter, and of a better complexion, than that of my Bulgarian captain. This spectacle worked me up to a pitch of distraction. I screamed out, and was going to say, stop barbarians, but my voice failed me, and my cries would have signified nothing. After you had been severely whipped, how is it possible, said I, that



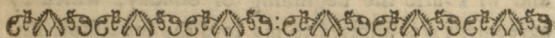
the lovely Candid, and the sage Pangloss, should both be at Lisbon, the one to receive a hundred lashes, and the other to be hanged by the order of my lord the inquisitor, who is my lover? Pangloss most cruelly deceived me, in saying that every thing is fittest and best.

In this hurry and agitation of spirits, now distracted and lost, and now ready to sink under the weight of my affliction, I revolved in my mind the massacre of my father, mother, and brother, the insolence of the vile Bulgarian soldier, the wound he gave me with his hanger, my servitude, and the mean employment of a cook to the Bulgarian captain, my subjection to the filthy Don Issachar, the abominable inquisitor, the execution of doctor Pangloss, the *miserere* sung to music while you was whipped, and above all, the kiss you gave me behind the screen, that day which was the last I saw you. I gave thanks to God for bringing you back to me after so many trials, and I charged my old woman to take care of you, and to conduct you hither as soon as possible. She has executed her commission perfectly well; and I have had the inexpressible satisfaction to see you again, to hear you, and to talk to you. But you must be very hungry, and so am I; let us go to supper.

On this they both sat down to table; and when supper was over, they placed themselves once more on the sofa already mentioned: there they were, when signor Don Issachar, one of the masters of the house, surprized them. It was the Jewish sabbath; and Issachar

was

was come to assert his right, and to explain his tender sentiments to Cunegund.



## C H A P. IX.

*What became of Cunegund, Candid, the grand inquisitor, and the Jew.*

**T**HIS said Issachar was the most choleric Hebrew that had been ever seen in Israel since the captivity of Babylon. What! said he, thou b—h of a Galilean, was not the inquisitor enough for thee? Must this rascal also come in for a share with me? As he was uttering these words, he drew out a long poniard, which he always carried about him; and not imagining that his adversary had any arms, he attacked him most furiously: but our honest Westphalian had received a handsome sword of the old woman with the suit of cloaths. Candid draws his rapier, and though he was of so humane and gentle a disposition, he laid the Israelite sprawling upon the floor at Cunegund's feet.

Holy virgin! cried she, what will become of us? A man killed in my apartment! If the peace-officers come, we are undone. Had not Pangloss been hanged, replied Candid, he would have given us good counsel in this emergency, for he was a profound philosopher. But since he is not here, let us consult the old woman. She was very knowing, and began to



give her opinion, when suddenly another little door burst open. It was now one o'clock in the morning, and of course the beginning of Sunday, which by agreement was allotted to my lord the inquisitor. Entering the room he beholds a shocking spectacle; Candid, who had been whipped, standing with his drawn sword; a dead body stretched upon the floor; Cunegund frightened out of her wits; and the old woman giving her advice.

At that very instant the following thought occurred to Candid. If this holy man calls in assistance, he will surely consign me to the flames: and Cunegund, perhaps, will be served in the same manner; besides, he was the cause of my being cruelly whipped; he is my rival; and, as I have now begun to kill, I will kill away, for there is no time to hesitate. This whole reasoning was clear and instantaneous; so that without giving time to the inquisitor to recover from his surprise, he ran him through the body, and laid him by the side of the Jew. Look, there is another killed, said Cunegund, now there can be no mercy for us, we are excommunicated, our last hour is come. But how could you, who are of so mild a temper, prevail on yourself to kill a Jew and a prelate in two minutes time? My fair creature, answered Candid, when love, jealousy, and the terror of the inquisition, act upon a man's brain, they are enough to drive him to distraction.

The old woman then put in her word, saying, there are three Andalusian horses in the stable with bridles and saddles; let the brave Candid get them.

them ready; madam has moidores and jewels; let us mount immediately, though I can sit only on one buttock; let us set out for Cadiz, it is the finest weather in the world, and there is great pleasure in travelling in the cool of the night.

Candid speedily saddles the three horses; and Cunegund, the old woman, and he, travel thirty miles upon a stretch. While they were making the best of their way, the *St. Hermandad* enters the house, my lord the inquisitor is interred in a grand church, and Issachar's body is thrown upon a dunghill.

Candid, Cunegund, and the old woman, had now reached the little town of Avacena in the midst of the mountains of La Sierra Morena, and were holding the following dialogue in a public inn.



## C H A P. X.

*In what distress Candid, Cunegund, and the old woman, came to Cadiz; and of their embarkation.*

WHO could it be that has robbed me of my moidores and jewels? said Cunegund, all bathed in tears: How shall we live? what shall we do? where shall I find inquisitors or Jews who can give me more? Alas! said the old woman, I have a shrewd suspicion of a reverend father Cordelier, who lay last night in the same



same inn with us at Badajos ; God preserve me from making a rash judgment ; but he came into our room twice, and he set out upon his journey long before us. Alas ! said Candid, Pangloss has often demonstrated to me, that the goods of this world are common to mankind, and that they all have an equal right to enjoy them. But, according to these principles, the Cordelier ought to have left us enough to carry us through our journey. Have you nothing at all left, my dear Cunegund ? Not a farthing, said she. What then must we do ? said Candid. Sell one of the horses, replied the old woman ; I will get behind miss Cunegund, though I can ride only on one buttock, and we shall reach Cadiz.

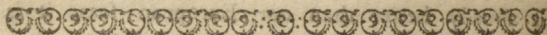
In the same inn there was a Benedictine prior, who bought the horse very cheap. Candid, Cunegund, and the old woman, having passed through Lucena, Chillas, and Lebrixa, arrived at length at Cadiz. A fleet was then getting ready, and troops were assembling, in order to reduce the Jesuits of Paraguay, who were accused of having excited one of their tribes, in the neighbourhood of the town of the Holy Sacrament, to revolt against the kings of Spain and Portugal. Candid having been in the Bulgarian service, performed the military exercise of that nation, before the general of this little army, with so graceful an address, with so intrepid an air, and with such agility and expedition, that he gave him a company of foot. Being now made a captain, he sets sail with miss Cunegund, the old woman,

two valets, and two Andalusian horses, which had belonged to the grand inquisitor of Portugal.

During their voyage, they reasoned a good deal about poor Pangloss's philosophy. We are going into another world, said Candid ; and surely it must be there that every thing is best. For I must confess, there is reason to complain a little of what passeth in our world, in regard both to the physical and moral government of it. I have a sincere value for you, said Cunegund, but I shudder still to think of what I have seen and experienced. All will be well, replied Candid ; the sea of this new world is already better than our European seas, it is smother, and the winds blow more regularly. Certainly the new world must be the best and fittest of all worlds. God grant it, said Cunegund ; but I have met with such terrible treatment in this, that I have almost lost all hopes of a better. You murmur and complain, said the old woman ; but alas ! you have not gone through half the misfortunes that I have done. Cunegund was ready to burst out laughing at the good old woman, and thought it was very pleasant in her to pretend to more unfortunate scenes than herself. Alas ! said Cunegund, my good dame, unless you had been ravished by two Bulgarians ; had received two deep wounds in your belly ; had had two castles demolished ; had lost two fathers, and two mothers, and seen both of them cruelly murdered before your eyes ; and, lastly, had two lovers whipped



whipped at an Auto-da-fé, I do not conceive how you could be more unfortunate than me. Besides, though born a baroness, and able to prove seventy-two quarterings, I have been obliged to submit to the drudgery of a cook-maid. Miss, replied the old woman, you do not know my family as yet; and were I to shew you my backside, you would not talk in that manner, but would suspend your judgment. This speech having raised a high curiosity in Cunegund and Candid, the old woman spoke to them as follows.



## C H A P. XI.

*History of the old woman.*

**I** Have not always been blear-eyed; neither did my nose always touch my chin; nor was I always a servant: I am the daughter of pope Urban the tenth, and of the princess of Palestrina. To the age of fourteen, I was brought up in a palace, to which, all the castles of your German barons would not have been fit for stabling; and one of my robes was worth all the magnificence of Westphalia. As I grew up, I improved in beauty, wit, and every graceful accomplishment, amidst pleasures, homages, and the highest expectations. Now I began to inspire the men with love. My neck was come to its right shape; and  
such

such a neck ! white, erect, and exactly formed like that of the Venus of Medicis : my eye-brows were as black as jet ; and as for my eyes, they darted flames, and eclipsed the twinkling of the stars, as I was told by the poets in our part of the world. My waiting-women, in dressing and undressing me, used to fall into an extasy, whether they viewed me before or behind : and all the men would have rejoiced to have been in their places.

I was contracted to a sovereign prince of Massa Carara. Such a prince ! as handsome as myself, sweet tempered, agreeable, witty, and desperately in love. I loved him, as one is apt to love for the first time, with transport, with idolatry. The nuptials were prepared with surprizing pomp and magnificence ; the ceremony was attended with feasts, carousals, and burletta's ; and all Italy composed sonnets in my praise, though not one of them was tolerable. I was just upon the point of reaching the summit of bliss, when an old marchioness, who had been mistress to the prince my husband, invited him to drink chocolate. After the visit he died of most terrible convulsions in less than two hours. But this is only a bagatelle. My mother, distracted in the highest degree, and yet less afflicted than me, determined to absent herself for some time from so fatal a place. As she had a very fine estate in the neighbourhood of Cajeta, we embarked on board a galley, which was gilded like the great altar of St. Peter's at Rome. No sooner were we out at sea,



sea, than a Sallee rover came up, and boarded us. Our men defended themselves like true pope's soldiers: they flung themselves upon their knees, and laid down their arms, begging of the Corsair an absolution in *articulo mortis*.

Instantly the Moors stripped us as bare as so many baboons; my mother, my maids of honour, and myself, were served all in the same manner. It is amazing with what expedition those gentry undress people. But what surprized me most was, that they thrust their fingers into that part of our bodies, which the generality of women suffer no other instrument but—pipes to enter. It appeared to me a very strange kind of ceremony; and thus we are apt to judge of things, when we have not seen the world. I afterwards learnt, that it was to try whether we had concealed any diamonds. 'This is the practice established time immemorial, among the civilized nations that scour the seas. I was informed that the very religious knights of Malta never fail to make this search, when they take any Turkish prisoners of either sex. It is a branch of the law of nations, from which they never deviate.

I need not tell you how great a hardship it was for a young princess and her mother to be made slaves, and carried to Morocco. You may easily imagine what we must have suffered on board the Moorish vessel. My mother was still very handsome; our maids of honour, and even our waiting-women, had more charms than are to be found in all Africa. As  
for

for myself, I was an exquisite beauty, I was grace itself, and a virgin. I did not remain so long; this flower, which had been reserved for the handsome prince of Massa Carara, was plucked by the captain of the Saltee rover, a frightful negro, who imagined he did me a great deal of honour. And indeed both the princess of Palestrina and myself must have had a very strong constitution, to go through all the hardships we suffered till our arrival at Morocco. But I proceed; these are such common things as not to be worth mentioning.

Upon our arrival at Morocco, we found the whole kingdom a scene of blood and confusion. Fifty sons of the emperor Muley-Ishmael had each their adherents: this produced fifty civil wars of blacks against blacks, of tawnies against tawnies, and of mulattos against mulattos. In short, it was a continual carnage throughout the empire.

No sooner were we landed, than the blacks of a contrary faction to that of my captain's, attempted to rob him of his booty. Next to the jewels and money, we were the most valuable things he had. I was witness, on this occasion, to such a battle as you never beheld in any part of Europe. The northern nations have not that fermentation in their blood, nor that raging lust for women, so common in Africa. The natives of Europe seem to have their veins only filled with milk; but fire and vitriol circulate in those of the inhabitants of mount Atlas, and the neighbouring provinces. They fought with the fury of



the lions, tigers, and serpents of the country, to see who should have us for their prey. A Moor seized my mother by the right arm, while my captain's lieutenant held her by the left; another Moor had hold of her by the right leg, and one of our Corsairs held her by the other. Thus almost all our women were dragged by four soldiers. My captain concealed me behind him; and with his drawn scymitar he cut and flashed every one that opposed his fury. At length I saw all our Italian women, and my mother herself, torn and mangled by the monsters, who contended for them. The captives my companions, the Moors who took us, the soldiers, the sailors, the blacks, the whites, the mulattos, and lastly my captain himself, were all killed, and I remained alone, expiring upon a heap of dead bodies. The like barbarous scenes were transacted every day all over the country, through an extent of three hundred leagues, and yet they never missed the five stated times of prayer a-day, as ordained by Mahomet.

With difficulty I disengaged myself from such a heap of slaughtered bodies, and made a shift to crawl to a large orange-tree on the bank of a neighbouring rivulet, where, oppressed with fatigue, horror, despair, and hunger, I tumbled down. My senses being over-powered, I fell asleep, or rather seemed to be in a trance. Thus I lay in a state of weakness and insensibility, or between life and death, when I felt myself pressed by something that  
moved

moved upon my body. This brought me to myself, and I saw a very good looking man, of a fair complexion, who sighed and muttered these words between his teeth, *O che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni!*

## C H A P. XII.

*The adventures of the old woman continued.*

**S**URPRIZED and pleased in a high degree to hear my native language, and no less astonished at what the man said, I made answer, that there were much greater misfortunes than that which he complained of. I gave him a compendious account of the horrid scenes I had undergone, and I fainted a second time. He removed me to a neighbouring house, put me to bed, fed me, waited upon me, did all he could to ease and comfort me, saying, that he had never seen so fine a woman, and that he never regretted so much the loss of what it was impossible for him to recover. I was born at Naples, said he; there they castrate two or three thousand children every year; some die of the operation, others acquire a voice more soft than that of women, and others go governors of provinces. This operation was performed on me with great success, and I was musician to the chapel of her highness the princess of Palestrina. To my mother! cried I. Your mother! cried he, the tears trickling



trickling down his cheeks. Is it possible that you should be the young princess, whom I had the care of bringing up till she was six years old, and who promised then to be as fair as you are now? It is I myself: but my mother lies four hundred paces from hence, cut in pieces, under a heap of dead bodies. I told him all my adventures, and he made me acquainted with his; letting me know, that he had been sent to the emperor of Morocco by a Christian power, to conclude a treaty with that prince; in consequence of which he was to be furnished with military stores and ships, in order to enable him to demolish the commerce of other Christian governments. I have executed my commission, said the honest eunuch; I am going to embark at Ceuta, and I'll take you along with me to Italy. *Ma che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni!*

With tears of joy I thanked him; but instead of reconducting me to Italy, he carried me to Algiers, where he sold me to the Dey. No sooner was I sold into slavery, than the plague, which had made such havock over Africa, Asia, and Europe, broke out with great fury in Algiers. You have seen earthquakes; but pray, miss, have you ever had the plague? Never, answered Cunegund.

If you had, said the old woman, you would acknowledge that it is far more terrible than an earthquake. It is common in Africa; and I caught it. Imagine to yourself the distressed situation of the daughter of a pope, only fifteen years old, and

who,

who, in less than three months, had felt the miseries of poverty and slavery, had been ravished almost every day, had beheld her mother cut into four quarters, had experienced the scourges of famine and war, and now was dying of the plague in Algiers. I did not however die of it; but my eunuch and the Dey, and almost the whole seraglio of Algiers, perished.

As soon as the first fury of this terrible pestilence was over, a sale was made of the Dey's slaves; I was purchased by a merchant, and carried to Tunis: this man sold me to another merchant, who sold me again to another at Tripoli; from Tripoli I was sold to Alexandria; from Alexandria to Smyrna; and from Smyrna to Constantinople. At length I became the property of an aga of the janissaries, who was soon ordered away to the defence of Asoph, then besieged by the Russians.

The aga, being a man of gallantry, took his whole seraglio with him, and lodged us in a small fort on the Palus Mæotis, guarded by two black eunuchs and twenty soldiers. The Turks killed a great number of the Russians, but the latter had their revenge. Asoph was taken by storm, and the inhabitants, without any distinction of age or sex, were all put to the sword. There remained only our little fort, and the enemy wanted to starve us out. The twenty janissaries had sworn they would never surrender. Being reduced to the extremity of famine, they found themselves under



a necessity of eating our two eunuchs, for fear of violating their oath. And in the course of a few days, they resolved also to devour the women.

We had a very pious and humane iman, who preached an excellent sermon, exhorting them not to kill us all at once; "only cut off one buttock of each of those ladies, said he, and you'll fare extremely well; if you must go to it again, there will be the same entertainment a few days hence; heaven will accept of so charitable an action, and send you relief."

Being a man of great eloquence, he persuaded them; and we underwent the terrible operation. The iman applied the same balsam to us, as he does to children after circumcision; and we were all in a very dangerous way.

No sooner had the janissaries finished their repast with which we had supplied them, than the Russians attacked them in flat-bottomed boats, and not one janissary escaped. The Russians had no regard to the condition in which we were: but as there are French surgeons in all parts of the world, a very skilful operator of that nation took us under his care, and cured us; and as long as I live I shall remember, that as soon as my wounds were healed he made love to me. He bid us all have a good heart, telling us, that the like had happened in many sieges, and that it was according to the laws of war.

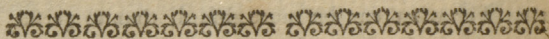
As soon as my companions were able to walk, they were obliged to set out for Moscow. For my part, I fell to the lot of a boiard, who made me his gardener, and gave me twenty lashes a day. But this nobleman having in two years time been broke upon the wheel along with thirty more boiards, for some broils at court, I took advantage of this event, and made my escape. After traversing all Russia, I was a long time an inholder's servant at Riga, the same at Rostock, Wismar, Leipfick, Cassel, Utrecht, Leyden, the Hague, and Rotterdam. I have grown old in misery and disgrace, having only one half of my posteriors, and always remembering I was a pope's daughter. A hundred times was I upon the point of killing myself; but still I was fond of life. This ridiculous weakness is perhaps one of the most dangerous principles implanted in our nature. For what can be more absurd, than to persist in carrying a burden, of which we would willingly be eased? to detest, and yet to strive to preserve our existence? In a word, to caress the serpent that devours us, till he has gnawed our very entrails?

In the different countries which it has been my fate to traverse, and the numerous inns where I have been servant, I have taken notice of a vast number of people, who held their own existence in abhorrence, and yet I never knew of more than eight, who put an end to their misery, by laying violent hands on themselves; viz. three negroes, four Englishmen, and a German professor, named Robek.

My



My last scene was being servant to the Jew, Don Issachar, who placed me near your person, my fair lady ; I have attached myself to you, from the first moment, and have been much more affected with your misfortunes than with my own. I should never have troubled you with the narrative of my sufferings, if you had not incited me to it, and if it was not customary to tell stories on board a ship, in order to pass away the time. In short, miss Cunegund, I have a good deal of experience, and knowledge of the world ; therefore I advise you to divert yourself, and prevail upon each passenger to tell his story ; and if there is one of them all that has not cursed his stars many a time, that has not frequently looked upon himself as the unhappiest of mortals, I give you leave to throw me head foremost into the sea.



## C H A P. XIII.

*How Candid was obliged to leave his fair Cunegund, and the old woman.*

THE beautiful Cunegund, having heard the narrative of the old woman's adventures, paid her all the civilities due to a person of her rank and merit. She likewise accepted the proposal, and engaged all the passengers to relate their adventures one after another ; and then both Candid and she allowed, that the old woman was in the right. It is great pity, said

said Candid, that the sage Pangloss was hanged, without precedent, at an Auto-da-fé; he would have told us most amazing things in regard to the natural and moral evils that overspread the earth and sea, and I should have courage enough to presume to offer some objections with all due respect.

While each passenger was recounting his story, the ship made her way, and they landed at Buenos-Ayres. Cunegund, captain Candid, and the old woman, waited on the governor, Don Fernando d'Ibara, y Figueora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza. This nobleman had a stateliness becoming a person dignified with such a string of names. He spoke with so noble a disdain, carried his nose so lofty, strained his voice to such a pitch, assumed so imperious an air, and stalked with such intolerable pride, that those who saluted him were strongly inclined to give him a good drubbing. He was immoderately fond of women, and Cunegund appeared in his eye the choicest morsel he had ever beheld. The first thing he did, was to ask whether she was not the captain's wife. The manner in which he asked the question alarmed Candid; he durst not say she was his wife, because indeed she was not; neither durst he say she was his sister, because it was not so: and though this lye might have been of service to him, and do no hurt to any body, still he was too ingenuous to betray the truth. Miss Cunegund, said he, is to do me the honour to marry me, and we beseech your excellency to grace our nuptials with your presence.

Don



Don Fernando d'Ibarrá, y Figueora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza, turning up his whiskers, put on an ill natured grin, and ordered captain Candido to go and review his company. Candido obeyed, and the governor remained alone with miss Cunegund. Immediately he declared his passion, protesting he would marry her the next day in the face of the church, or otherwise, just as should be agreeable to a person of her charms. Cunegund asked a quarter of an hour to consider of it to consult the old woman, and to take her resolution.

The old woman spoke thus to Cunegund: Miss, you have seventy-two quarterings in your arms, and not one farthing in your pocket: it is now in your power to be wife to the greatest lord in America, who has besides a very clever pair of whiskers. And what occasion has such a one as you to pique herself upon inviolable fidelity? You have been ravished by Bulgarians; a Jew and an inquisitor have enjoyed your favours. Misfortunes are a very good plea. I own, that if I was in your place, I should have no scruple to marry the governor, and to make the captain's fortune. While the old woman was thus giving her advice, with all the prudence that can be expected from age and experience, behold a sloop arrives from Spain, on board of which were an Alcalde and his Alguazils; and see how it happened.

The old woman had rightly guessed, that it was a Cordelier who purloined Cunegund's money and jewels

jewels in the town of Badajox, when she and Candid were making their escape. The friar offered some of the diamonds to sale to a jeweller; the jeweller knew them to be the grand inquisitor's. The friar, before he was hanged, confessed the theft: he likewise described the persons he had stole them from, and the route they had taken. It was by this time publicly known, that Cunegund and Candid had fled together: they were traced to Cadiz, where a vessel was immediately got ready, and sent in pursuit of them; and the vessel had now reached the port of Buenos-Ayres. A report was spread, that an Alcalde was going to land, and that he was in pursuit of the murderers of my lord the grand inquisitor. The sage old woman immediately saw what was to be done. You cannot run away, said she to Cunegund; but you have nothing to fear, for it was not you that killed my lord; besides, as the governor is in love with you, he will not suffer you to be ill treated; therefore don't stir. Then hurrying away to Candid, Be gone, said she, from hence, or in an hour you will be burnt alive; there was not a moment to lose; but how could he part from Cunegund, and where could he fly for shelter?



*How Candid and Cacambo were received by the Jesuits of Paraguay.*

CANDID had brought such a valet with him from Cadiz, as one often meets with on the coasts of Spain, and in the American colonies. He was the fourth part of a Spaniard, of a mongrel breed, and born in Tucuman: he had successively gone thro' the professions of singing-boy, sexton, sailor, monk, pedlar, soldier, and lacquey. His name was Cacambo, and he loved his master, because his master was a very good sort of a man. He got the two Andalusian horses saddled with all expedition. Come, master, let us follow the old woman's advice, let us set off, and make what haste we can, without ever looking behind us. Candid dropped a few tears; O my dear Cunegund! must I leave you just at a time when the governor was going to see us married? Cunegund, what will become of you, in this remote part of the world? She will do as well as she can, said Cacambo; the women are never at a loss. God provides for every body; let's be gone. Whither art thou carrying me? where art thou going? what shall we do without Cunegund? said Candid. By St. James of Compostella, answered Cacambo, you was going to fight against the Jesuits; now let's go and fight for them; I know the road perfectly well; I'll conduct you to their kingdom; they will be charmed to have a captain, that understands the  
Bulgarian

Bulgarian exercise; you will certainly make a prodigious fortune; if we cannot find our account in one world, we shall in another. It is a great pleasure to see variety of objects, and to perform new exploits.

Then you have been in Paraguay? said Candid. Ay sure, answered Cacambo, I was a scout of the college of the Assumption, and am acquainted with the government of the good fathers, as well as I am with the streets of Cadiz. This government is an admirable thing. The kingdom is at present upwards of three hundred miles in diameter, and divided into thirty provinces: there the fathers are masters of every thing; the people have nothing: it is the master-piece of justice and reason. For my part, I see nothing so divine as the good fathers, who wage war in this part of the world against the kings of Spain and Portugal, at the same time that they hear the confessions of those princes in Europe; who kill Spaniards in America, and send them to heaven at Madrid: this pleases me above all things; let us push forward, you are going to be the happiest of mortals. What pleasure will it be to those fathers, to hear that a captain who knows the Bulgarian exercise, is come to offer his service to the society!

As soon as they reached the first barrier, Cacambo told the advanced guard, that a captain wanted to speak with my lord the commandant. Notice was given to the main-guard: and immediately a Paraguayan officer ran and laid himself at the feet of the commandant, to impart this news to him. Candid and Ca-



cambo were immediately difarmed, and their two Andalusian horfes were feized. The ftrangers were introduced between two files of mufqueteers; the commandant was at the further end, with a three-cornered cap on his head, his gown tucked up, a fword by his fide, and a fpontoon in his hand. He beckoned, and ftraitway the two new gentry were encompassed by four-and-twenty foldiers. A ferjeant told them they muft wait, that the commandant could not fpeak to them, and that the reverend father provincial does not fuffer any Spaniard to open his mouth but in his prefence, or to ftay above three hours in the province. And where is the reverend father provincial? faid Cacambo: he is upon the parade juft after celebrating mafs, answered the ferjeant, and you cannot kifs his furs till three hours hence. However, faid Cacambo, the captain is not a Spaniard, but a German; he is ready to perifh with hunger as well as myfelf: cannot we have fomething for breakfast, while we wait for his reverence?

The ferjeant went immediately to acquaint the commandant with what he had heard. God be praifed, faid the reverend commandant; fince he is a German, I may fpeak to him; take him to my harbour. No fooner faid, than Candid was conducted to a beautiful pavilion, adorned with a colonade of green marble intermixed with yellow, and with an intertexture of vines, abounding with parrots, humming-birds, fly-birds, Guiney-hens, and all other forts that were curious. An excellent breakfast was provided in  
vessels

vessels of gold; and while the Paraguayans were eating Indian corn out of wooden dishes, in the open fields, and exposed to the heat of the sun, the reverend father commandant entered the harbour.

He was a very handsome young man, with a full visage, fair, and fresh coloured; he had an arched eye-brow, a lively eye, red ears, vermilion lips, a bold air, but such a boldness, as neither resembled that of a Spaniard, nor of a Jesuit. Candid and Cacambo had their arms restored, together with the two Andalusian horses; Cacambo gave them some oats to eat just by the harbour, having an eye upon them all the while for fear of a surprise.

Candid began with kissing the hem of the commandant's robe, and they sat down to table. Are you then a German? said the Jesuit to him in that language. Yes, reverend father, answered Candid. As they pronounced these words, they looked at each other with great amazement, and with such an emotion as they could not conceal. And from what part of Germany do you come? said the Jesuit. I am from the dirty province of Westphalia, answered Candid: I was born in the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh. O heavens! is it possible! cried the commandant. What a miracle! cried Candid. Is it really you? said the commandant. It is not possible, said Candid. On this they both retired backwards; then embraced, and wept abundantly. What! is it you, my reverend father? You, the brother of the fair Cunegund! you, that was slain by the Bulgarians! you, the baron's son! you,



a Jesuit in Paraguay! I must confess this is a strange world that we live in. O Pangloss! Pangloss! Pangloss! how glad you would be, if you had not been hanged!

The commandant dismissed the negro slaves, and the Paraguayans, who presented them with liquors in crystal goblets. He thanked God and St. Ignatius a thousand times; he clasped Candid in his arms; and their faces were all bathed with tears. You will be more surprized, more affected, and transported, said Candid, when I tell you that miss Cunegund your sister, whose belly you imagined to have been ripped open, is in perfect health. Where! In your neighbourhood, with the governor of Buenos-Ayres: and I was going to fight against you. Every word they uttered, during this long conversation, was productive of astonishment. Their souls fluttered on their tongues, listened in their ears, and sparkled in their eyes. As they were Germans, they sat a good while at table, waiting for the reverend father provincial, and the commandant spoke to his dear Candid as follows.

## C H A P. XV.

*How Candid killed the brother of his dear Cunegund.*

THE dreadful day, on which I saw my father and mother barbarously killed, and my sister ravished, will always be present to my memory. When the Bulgarians retired, my dear sister could not be found; but the slaughtered bodies of my father, mother, and myself, with two maid-servants, and three little boys, were put in a herse, to be conveyed to a chapel belonging to the Jesuits, within two leagues of our family seat. A Jesuit sprinkled us with some holy water, which was confounded salt, and a few drops of it went into my eyes: the father perceived that my eye-lids stirred a little; he put his hand upon my heart, and felt it beat; upon which I had proper assistance, and at the expiration of three weeks I recovered. You know, my dear Candid, I was very handsome; but I grew much handsomer, and the reverend father Didrie, superior of that house, took a great liking to me; he gave me the habit of the order, and some years afterwards I was sent to Rome. Our general had great need of new levies of young German Jesuits. The sovereigns of Paraguay admit of as few Spanish Jesuits as possible; they prefer those of other nations, as being more subordinate to their commands. The reverend father general looked upon me as a proper person, to



labour in this vineyard. We set out upon our mission, a Polander, a Tyrolese, and myself. Upon my arrival I was honoured with a subdeaconship, and a lieutenancy. Now I am colonel and priest. We shall give a warm reception to the king of Spain's troops; I will answer for it, that they shall be excommunicated and well banged. Providence has sent you hither to our assistance. But is it true that my dear sister Cunegund is in the neighbourhood, with the governor of Buenos-Ayres? Candid swore that nothing could be more true: and the tears began again to trickle down their cheeks.

The baron could not refrain from embracing Candid; he called him his brother, his saviour. Perhaps, said he, we shall be able, my dear Candid, to take the town sword in hand, and to recover my sister Cunegund. That is all I want, said Candid; for I intended to marry her, and I still hope I shall be able to effect it. Thou insolent fellow! replied the baron, wouldst thou have the assurance to marry my sister, who can shew seventy-two quarterings in her coat of arms! I find thou hast the most consummate effrontery to dare to mention so presumptuous a design! Candid, thunder-struck at this speech, made answer; Reverend father, all the quarterings in the world signify not a straw; I rescued your sister out of the hands of a Jew, and an inquisitor; she has great obligations to me, and

is desirous of having me for her husband: master Pangloss always told me, that mankind are by nature equal; I assure you therefore I will marry her. Say you so? we shall see, thou villain! said the Jesuit baron Thunder-ten tronckh; and that instant he struck him across the face with the flat side of his sword. Candid in an instant draws out his rapier, and plunges it up to the hilt in the Jesuit's body; but in pulling it out, reeking hot, he burst into tears: Good God! said he, I have killed my old master, my friend, my brother-in-law; I am the best natured creature in the world, and yet I have already killed three men; and out of these three, two were priests.

As Cacambo stood sentry near the harbour, he instantly ran up. We have nothing more for it than to sell our lives as dear as we can, says his master to him; there will be people presently coming into the harbour; so that we must die sword in hand. Cacambo having been in a great many scrapes in his life time, did not lose his presence of mind, but took the baron's jesuitical habit, and put it on. Candid, then gave him the dead man's three cornered cap, and made him mount on horseback. All this was done in the twinkling of an eye. Let us gallop fast, my master, every body will take you for a Jesuit, going to give directions to your men, and we shall have passed the frontiers before they will be able to overtake us. He flew as he spoke these words, crying out  
aloud



aloud in Spanish, make way, make way for the reverend father colonel.

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C H A P. XVI.

*Adventures of the two travellers, with two girls, two monkeys, and the savages called Oreillons.*

C A N D I D and his valet had got beyond the barrier, before it was known in the camp that the German Jesuit was dead. The wary Cacambo had taken care to fill his wallet with bread, chocolate, some ham, fruit, and a few bottles of wine. With their Andalusian horses they penetrated into a strange country, where they perceived no beaten track. At length they came to a beautiful meadow, intersected with purling rills. Here our two adventurers fed their horses. Cacambo proposed to his master to take some nourishment, and he set him an example. How can you ask me to feast upon ham, said Candid, after killing the baron's son, and being doomed never more to see the beautiful Cunegund? What will it avail me to spin out my wretched days, and drag them far from her in remorse and despair? And what will the journal of Trevoux say?

While he was thus lamenting his fate, he went on eating. The sun had reached the horizon, when the two wanderers heard some cries, which seemed to

to be a female voice. They could not tell whether they were cries of grief or joy, but immediately they started up, with that inquietude and alarm, which every shadow is apt to raise in the minds of persons in an unknown country. The noise was made by two naked girls, who tripped along the mead, while two monkeys were pursuing them close, and biting their buttocks. Candid was moved with pity: he had learned to fire a gun in the Bulgarian service; and he was so clever at it, that he could hit a filbert in a hedge without touching a leaf of the tree. He takes up his double barrel Spanish fusil, lets it off, and kills the two monkeys. God be praised, my dear Cacambo, I have rescued those two poor creatures from a most perilous situation: if I have committed a sin in killing an inquisitor and a Jesuit, I have made ample amends by saving the lives of these girls. Perhaps they are young ladies of family; and this adventure may procure us great advantages in this country.

He was going on at this rate, but stopped short when he saw the two girls dissolved in tears over the dead bodies of the monkies, embracing them in the tenderest manner, and rending the air with the most dismal lamentations. Little did I expect to see such good nature, says he then to Cacambo; who made answer, Master, you have made a fine piece of work on't; you have slain the sweethearts of those two young ladies. The sweethearts! is it possible! you are jesting, Cacambo; I can never believe it. Dear master, replied  
Cacambo,



Cacambo, you are surprized at every thing; why should you think it so strange, that in some countries there are monkeys which insinuate themselves into the good graces of the ladies; they are the fourth part of a man, as I am the fourth part of a Spaniard. Alas! replied Candid, I remember to have heard master Pangloss say, that the like accidents used to happen formerly: that these mixtures are productive of Centaurs, Fauns, and Satyrs; and that many of the ancients had seen such monsters; but I looked upon the whole as fabulous. Now you are convinced, said Cacambo, that it is very true; and you see what use is made of those creatures, by persons that have not had a proper education; all I am afraid of is, that those ladies will play you some ugly trick.

These reflections were well founded; so that Candid was prevailed upon to quit the mead, and to pierce into a thicket. There he and Cacambo supped; and after cursing the Portuguese inquisitor, the governor of Buenos-Ayres, and the baron, they fell asleep on the bare ground. When they awaked in the morning, they could neither stir nor move; for the Oreillons, who inhabit that country, and to whom the two ladies had given information of these strangers, had bound them with cords made of the bark of trees. They were encompassed by fifty naked Oreillons, armed with bows and arrows, with clubs, and hatchets of flint: some were making a large cauldron boil; others were preparing spits.

“ A Jesuit! a Jesuit! we shall be revenged, cried  
“ they; we shall have excellent cheer; let us eat  
“ the Jesuit, let us eat him up!”

I told you, master, cried Cacambo in a most sorrowful tone, that those two girls would play you some ugly trick. Candid seeing the cauldron and the spits, cried out, I fancy we are going to be either roasted or boiled. Ah! what would master Pangloss say, were he to see how pure nature is formed? Every thing is right; be it so: but I own it is very hard to be bereft of dear miss Cune-gund, and to be put upon a spit by the barbarous Oreillons. Cacambo had always his wits about him; do not despair, said he to the disconsolate Candid, I understand a little of the jargon of these people; and I will speak to them. Besure, said Candid, you make them sensible of the horrid barbarity of boiling human creatures, and how repugnant such a practice is to Christianity.

Gentlemen, said Cacambo, you reckon you are going to feast upon a Jesuit; it is all very well; nothing more just than thus to treat your enemies. Indeed the law of nature teaches us to kill our neighbour, and such is the practice all over the world. If we do not make use of the same privilege, it is because we have much better fare than human flesh: but for your part, you have not such resources as we; and certainly it is much better to devour your enemies, than to resign them to the crows. But, gentlemen, surely you would not  
chuse



chuse to eat your friends. You think you are going to spit a Jesuit, whereas he is your friend and defender; you are going to roast the very man who has been fighting against your enemies. In regard to myself, I am your countryman; that gentleman is my master; and, far from being a Jesuit, he has just now killed one of that order, whose spoils he wears; and thence comes your mistake. To convince you of the truth of what I have affirmed, take his habit, and carry it to the first barrier of the Jesuits kingdom, and inform yourselves, whether my master did not kill a Jesuit officer. No great time is requisite for this, and you may still feast upon our bodies, if you find I have deceived you. But if I have apprized you of the truth, you are too well acquainted with the principles of public law, humanity, and justice, not to use us courteously.

The Oreillons finding this speech very reasonable, deputed two of their principal people with all expedition to inquire into the truth of the matter; who executed their commission like men of sense, and soon returned with good news. They untied them both, shewed them all sorts of civilities, offered them girls, gave them refreshments, and reconducted them to the confines of their country, proclaiming with joy, "He is no Jesuit, he is no Jesuit."

Candid could not help being surprized at the cause of his deliverance. What sort of people, said he, are these? how strange their manners! if I had  
not

not been so lucky as to run miss Cunegund's brother through the body, I should have been devoured without redemption. But after all, pure nature is an excellent thing; since those people, instead of feasting upon my flesh, shewed me a thousand civilities, when they knew I was not a Jesuit.



## C H A P. XVII.

*Candid and his valet arrive at the country of Eldorado, and what they saw there.*

AS soon as they had reached the frontiers of the Oreillons; You see, said Cacambo to Candid, this hemisphere is not a pin better than the other; take my word for it, let us go back to Europe the shortest way possible. How go back? said Candid; and where shall we go? to my own country? the Bulgarians and the Abares are laying it waste with fire and sword; to Portugal? there I shall be burnt; and if we abide here, we are every moment in danger of being spitted. But how can I resolve to quit a part of the world, where my dear Cunegund resides?

Let us turn towards Cayenne, said Cacambo, there we shall find some Frenchmen, for you know they ramble over all the parts of the globe; perhaps they will assist us; and God will have pity on our distresses.

G

It



It was not so easy to go to Cayenne; they knew pretty nearly whereabouts it lay, but mountains, rivers, precipices, robbers, savages, obstructed their passage. Their horses were killed with fatigue, and their provisions consumed. They fed a whole month upon wild fruit, till at length they came to a little river lined with cocoa-trees, which raised their spirits, and supplied them with nourishment.

Cacambo, who was as good a counsellor as the old woman, said to Candid; You see we are able to hold out no longer; we have travelled enough on foot; I spy an empty canoe near the river-side; let us fill it with cocoa-nuts, and get into it; the stream will carry us down, for a river always leads to some inhabited place. In case we do not find things to our mind, at least we shall meet with something new. With all my heart, said Candid, let us recommend ourselves to Providence.

They rowed a few leagues down the river, the banks of which were in some places flowery, in others barren; in some parts level, in others steep and rocky. The stream widened as they advanced; till at length it ran under the arch of frightful rocks, which reached as high as the clouds. Under this arch the two travellers had the courage to commit themselves to the stream. The river contracting itself in this part, drove them along with a dreadful noise and rapidity. At the end of four-and-twenty hours they saw day-light again; but their canoe was dashed to pieces against the rocks.

They

They were obliged to creep along those rocks the space of a league, till at length they discovered a spacious plain, bounded by inaccessible mountains. The country was cultivated as much for pleasure, as for the necessaries of life. The useful and the agreeable were equally blended. The roads were covered, or rather adorned, with carriages formed of glittering materials, in which were men and women of surprizing beauty, drawn with great rapidity by red sheep of a very large size, which for fleetness surpassed the finest coursers of Andalusia, Tetuan, or Mequinez.

Here is a country, however, said Candid, preferable to Westphalia. He landed with Cacambo near the first village they saw; and at the entrance thereof, some children, dressed in tattered brocades, were playing at quoits. Our two strangers from the other hemisphere, amused themselves greatly with this sight. The quoits were large round pieces, yellow, red, and green, which cast a surprizing lustre. The travellers picked a few of them off the ground; and they proved to be either gold, emeralds, or rubies, the least of which would have been the greatest ornament to the Mogul's imperial crown. Without doubt, said Cacambo, these children must be the king's sons, that are playing at quoits. Just as he had spoke these words, the schoolmaster of the village came and called them to school. There, said Candid, is the preceptor of the royal family.



The little urchins immediately quitted their diversion, leaving the quoits on the ground, with all their other play-things. Candid gathers them up, runs to the master, and presents them to him in a most humble manner, giving him to understand by signs, that their royal highnesses had forgot their gold and their jewels. The schoolmaster smiling, flung them upon the ground; then looking at Candid with a great deal of surprize, he went about his business.

The travellers took care however to gather up the gold, the rubies, and the emeralds. Where are we? cried Candid: the king's children in this country must have an excellent education, since they are taught to despise gold and precious stones. Cacambo was as much surprized as Candid. They then drew near to the first house in the village, which was built after the manner of an European palace. A multitude of people stood crowding at the door, and there was a much greater number in the house. Their ears were delighted with most agreeable music; and a refreshing smell came from the kitchen. Cacambo went up to the door, and heard they were talking Peruvian, which was his mother tongue; for it is well known, that Cacambo was born in a village of Tucuman, where no other language is spoke. I will be your interpreter here, said he to Candid; let us go in; this is a public-house.

Immediately two waiters and two girls, dressed in cloth of gold, and their hair tied up with ribbons, accost the strangers, and invite them to sit down to the

the ordinary. Their dinner was four soups, each garnished with two young paroquets; a large dish of bouillé, that weighed two hundred weight; two roasted monkeys, exquisitely well tasted; three hundred humming birds in one dish, and six hundred fly-birds in another; excellent ragoos; delicious tarts; the whole served up in dishes of rock-crystal. The servants of the inn poured out several liquors drawn from the sugar-cane.

Most of the company were chapmen and waggons, all extremely polite; they asked Cacambo a few questions with the greatest circumspection, and answered his in a most obliging and satisfactory manner.

As soon as dinner was over, Candid, as well as Cacambo, thought it would be very handsome to pay their reckoning by laying down two of those large gold pieces, which they had picked off the ground; but the landlord and landlady burst out a laughing, and held their sides a great while. When the fit was over, Gentlemen, said the landlord, it is plain you are strangers, and such guests we are not accustomed to see: pardon us therefore if we fell a laughing, when you tendered us the common pebbles of our high-ways, in discharge of your reckoning. To be sure, you have none of the coin of this kingdom; but it is not necessary to have any money at all to dine in this house. All the inns, which are established for the convenience of commerce, are maintained by the government. You have fared but very indifferently here, because this is but a poor village; every where else,



you will meet with a reception suitable to persons of your merit. Cacambo explained this whole discourse of the landlord with great astonishment to Candid, who was equally astonished to hear it. What sort of a country then is this, said they one to another, a country unknown to all the world, a country of so different a nature from ours? Very likely this is the part of the globe, where every thing is right: for there must certainly be some such place. And for all that master Pangloss could say, I often found that things went very ill in Westphalia.



## C H A P. XVIII.

*What they saw in the country of Eldorado.*

CACAMBO displayed his curiosity, and asked the landlord a great many questions: he made answer; I am very ignorant, and therewith contented; however, we have in this neighbourhood an old man retired from court, who is the most learned and most communicative person in the kingdom. This said, he carries Cacambo to the old man. Candid acted now only a second character, and attended his valet. They entered a very plain house, for the door was nothing but silver, and the ceilings were nothing but gold, but wrought in so elegant a taste, as to vie with the richest. The antichamber, indeed, was only

only incrusted with rubies and emeralds, but the order in which every thing was arranged, made amends for this great simplicity.

The old man received the strangers on his sofa, which was stuffed with humming birds feathers, and ordered his servants to present them with liquors in diamond goblets; after which he satisfied their curiosity in the following terms.

I am now one hundred and seventy two years old, and I learnt of my late father, equerry to the king, the amazing revolutions of Peru, of which he had been an eye-witness. The kingdom we now inhabit, is the ancient patrimony of the Incas, who quitted it very imprudently to conquer another part of the world, and were at length destroyed by the Spaniards.

More wise by far were the princes of their family, who remained in their native country; they ordained, with the consent of the whole nation, that none of the inhabitants should ever be permitted to quit our little kingdom: and this has preserved our innocence and happiness. The Spaniards have had a confused notion of this country, and called it *El Dorado*; and an Englishman, whose name was sir Walter Raleigh, came very near it about a hundred years ago; but being surrounded by inaccessible rocks and precipices, we have hitherto been sheltered from the rapaciousness of European nations, who have an inconceivable passion for our pebbles



pebbles and dirt, for the sake of which they would murder us all, to the very last man.

The conversation lasted some time, and turned chiefly on their form of government, their manners, their women, their public diversions, and the arts. At length Candid, having had always a taste for metaphysics, made Cacambo ask whether there was any religion in the country.

The old man reddening a little, said, How can you ask such a question? Do you take us for ungrateful wretches? Cacambo humbly asked, what was the established religion in Eldorado? The old man reddening again, made answer; Can there be two religions? We have, I apprehend, the religion of the whole world; we worship God from morning till night. Do you worship but one God? said Cacambo, who still acted as interpreter in representing Candid's doubts. Sure, said the old man, there are not two, nor three, nor four. I must confess, the people of your world ask very extraordinary questions. Candid could not refrain from asking the good old man a great many more; he wanted to know in what manner they prayed to God in Eldorado. We do not pray to him at all, said the reverend sage; we have nothing to ask of him; he has given us all we need, and we incessantly return him thanks. Candid having a curiosity to see some of their priests, bid Cacambo ask where they were? At which the good old man smiling, said: My friends, we are all of us priests: the king and the heads of families sing solemn

lemn canticles of thanksgiving every morning, accompanied by five or six thousand musicians. What! says Cacambo, have you no monks to preach, to dispute, to govern, to intrigue, and to burn people that are not of their opinion? We must be mad, indeed, if that were the case, says the old man! Here we are all of one opinion, and we know not what you mean by monks. During this whole discourse Candid was in raptures, and he said to himself; this is vastly different from Westphalia and the baron's castle: had our friend Pangloss seen Eldorado, he would no longer have said, that the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh was the finest thing upon earth; there is no knowing any thing without travelling.

This long conversation being ended, the old man ordered six sheep to be harnessed and put to the coach, and sent twelve of his domestics to conduct the travellers to court. Excuse me, said he, if my age deprives me of the honour of attending you. The king will receive you in such a manner, as you will not complain; and no doubt but you will make an allowance for the customs of the country, if some things should not be to your liking.

Candid and Cacambo got into the coach, the six sheep flew, and in less than four hours they reached the king's palace, situated at the further end of the capital. The portal was two hundred and twenty feet high, and one hundred wide; but words are wanting to express the materials of which it was built. It is plain such materials must have a  
pro-



prodigious superiority over those pebbles, and sand, which we call gold and precious stones.

Twenty beautiful damsels in waiting were ready to receive Candid and Cacambo, as they alighted from the coach, from whence they conducted them to the bath, and clad them with robes wove of the down of humming birds; after which the great officers of the crown, both male and female, introduced them to the king's apartment, between two files of musicians, a thousand in each, according to the custom of the country. When they drew near to the presence chamber, Cacambo asked one of the great officers, in what manner he should pay his obeisance to his majesty; whether it was customary to fall upon their knees, or to prostrate themselves upon the ground; whether they put their hands upon their heads, or behind their backs; whether they licked the dust off the floor; in short, what was the ceremony observed on such occasions. The custom, said the great officer, is to embrace the king, and to kiss him on each cheek. Candid and Cacambo accordingly threw themselves round his majesty's neck, who received them as graciously as it was possible, and very politely begged they would sup with him.

In the mean time they took a walk about the city, and saw the public structures rearing their lofty heads to the clouds; the market-places decorated with a thousand columns; the fountains of spring water, besides others of rose-water, and of liquors drawn  
from

from the sugar-cane, incessantly flowing into the great squares, which were paved with a kind of precious stones, from whence issued a delicious fragrancy like that of cloves and cinnamon. Candid asked to see the parliament, and the courts of justice; they told him they had none, and that they were strangers to law-suits. He enquired whether there were any prisons, and he was told there were not. But what surprized him most, and gave him the greatest pleasure, was the palace of sciences, where he saw a gallery two thousand feet long, and filled with natural curiosities.

After rambling about the city the whole afternoon, and seeing but a thousandth part of it, they were reconducted to the royal palace. Candid sat down to table with his majesty, his valet Cacambo, and several ladies. Never was there a better entertainment, and never was more wit shewn at table, than what fell from his majesty. Cacambo explained the king's *bon mots* to Candid, and notwithstanding they were translated, they still appeared to be *bon mots*. Of all the things that surprized Candid, this was not the least.

In this hospitable residence they spent a whole month; during which time Candid used often to say to Cacambo, I own, my friend, once more, that the castle where I was born is nothing, in comparison of the place where we are at present; but, after all, Cune-gund is not here; and no doubt but you have some sweetheart in Europe. If we abide here, we shall only be upon a footing with the rest; whereas, if we  
return



return to our old world, only with twelve sheep laden with the pebbles of Eldorado, we shall be richer than all the kings in Europe; we shall have no more inquisitors to fear, and we may easily recover miss Cunegund.

This speech was agreeable to Cacambo: mankind are so fond of roving, of making a figure in their own country, and of boasting of what they have seen in their travels, that the two strangers resolved to be no longer happy, but to ask his majesty's leave to quit the country.

You are much to blame, said the king; I am sensible that my kingdom is an inconsiderable place; but when a person is tolerably well settled any where, there he should abide. I have no right to detain strangers against their will; this would be a degree of tyranny, inconsistent both with our manners and our laws: mankind are all by nature free: you may go whenever you please, but you will meet with great difficulty in passing the frontiers. It is impossible to ascend that rapid river, which runs under vaulted rocks, and on which you were conveyed to Eldorado in the most surprising manner. The mountains round my kingdom are ten thousand feet high, and as erect as a perpendicular; they are each above ten leagues in breadth, and the descent from them is all a precipice. However, since you absolutely insist upon departing, I shall give orders to my engineers to construct a machine that will convey you very safe. When  
they

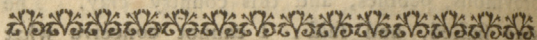
they shall have conducted you to the back of the mountains, nobody can attend you farther; for my subjects have made a vow never to quit the kingdom, and they are too wise to break it. Ask me whatever else you please. We desire nothing of your majesty, said Cacambo, but a few sheep, laden with provisions, pebbles, and this country clay. The king smiled, and said: I cannot conceive what pleasure you Europeans find in our yellow clay; but take as much of it as you have a mind to, and much good may it do you.

Hereupon he gave directions that his engineers should construct a machine, to hoist these two extraordinary men out of the kingdom. Three thousand mathematicians went to work, and finished it in fifteen days; it did not cost above twenty millions sterling in the specie of that country. Candid and Cacambo were put into the machine, together with two large red sheep bridled and saddled, to ride upon as soon as they got over the mountains, twenty sheep of burden laden with provisions, thirty with presents of the several curiosities of the country, and fifty with gold, diamonds, and precious stones. The king embraced the two adventurers very tenderly.

It was a curious spectacle to see them set off, and the ingenious manner in which they and their sheep were slung over the mountains. The mathematicians, after conveying them to a place of safety, took their leave; and Candid had no other desire, no other aim, than to present his treasure to miss



Cunegund. Now, said he, we are able to pay the governor of Buenos-Ayres, if miss Cunegund can be rated. Let us move towards Cayenne, where we may take shipping, and then we shall see what kingdom we shall be able to purchase.



## C H A P. XIX.

*What happened to them at Surinam, and how Candid got acquainted with Martin.*

OUR travellers spent the first day very agreeably. They were delighted with the notion of possessing more treasure, than all Asia, Europe, and Africa, could scrape together. Candid, in his raptures, cut Cunegund's name on the trees. The second day two of their sheep plunged into a morass, where they and their burthens were lost; two more died of fatigue a few days after; seven or eight perished with hunger in a desert; and others a few days after tumbled down a precipice. At length, after travelling a hundred days, only two sheep remained. Said Candid to Cacambo; you see how perishable the riches of this world are; there is nothing solid but virtue, and the happiness of seeing Cunegund once more. I grant all you say, said Cacambo, but we have still two sheep remaining, with more treasure than the king of Spain will ever be possessed of; and I espy a town,

town, which I take to be Surinam, belonging to the Dutch. We are at the end of all our troubles, and at the beginning of happiness.

As they drew near the town, they saw a negro stretched upon the ground, with only one half of his habit, that is, of his blue linen drawers; for the poor man had lost his left leg and his right hand. Good God! said Candid, in Dutch, what art thou doing there, friend, in that shocking condition? I am waiting for my master mynheer Vanderdendur, the famous merchant, answered the negro. Was it mynheer Vanderdendur, said Candid, that used thee in this manner? Yes, sir, said the negro, it is the custom of the country. They give us a pair of linen drawers for our whole garment twice a year. When we work at the sugar-canes, and the mill snatches hold of a finger, they cut off our hand: and when we attempt to run away, they cut off our leg: both cases have happened to me. It is at this expence of ours that you eat sugar in Europe. Yet when my mother sold me for ten patacoons on the coast of Guinea, she said to me, my dear child, bless our Fetiches: adore them for ever, they will make thee live happy; thou hast the honour of being the slave of our lords the whites, which is making the fortune of thy father and mother. Alas! I know not whether I have made their fortune; this I know, that they have not made mine. Dogs, monkeys, and parrots, are a thousand times less wretched than I. The Dutch



Fetiches, who converted me, declare every Sunday, that we are all of us children of Adam, blacks as well as whites. I am not skilled in genealogies, but if those preachers tell truth, we are all second cousins. Now you must allow me, that it is impossible to treat one's relations in a more barbarous manner.

O Pangloss! cried Candid, you never thought of this horrid scene; there is an end of the matter; I see I must renounce your Optimism at last. What is his Optimism? said Cacambo. Alas! said Candid, it is the folly of maintaining that every thing is good, when it is bad! He shed tears, looking at the negro, and went weeping into Surinam.

The first thing they inquire after, is, whether there is ever a vessel in the harbour, which they could send to Buenos-Ayres. The very person to whom they applied, was himself captain of a Spanish vessel, who offered his service upon reasonable terms. He appointed to meet them at a public house, whither Candid and the faithful Cacambo went with their two sheep, and waited for his coming.

Candid being extremely frank and open, told the Spaniard all his adventures, and owned to him that he intended to run away with miss Cunegund. Take my word for it then, said the captain, I will not carry you to Buenos-Ayres; for I should be hanged, and so would you. The fair Cunegund is my lord governor's favourite mistress. Candid was thunderstruck

at this discovery ; but after he had vented his grief in a flood of tears, he called Cacambo aside, and spoke to him thus: I'll tell you, my dear friend, what you must do. We have each of us in our pockets to the value of five or six millions in diamonds; you are cleverer at these matters than I; you must go and bring miss Cunegund from Buenos-Ayres. If the governor makes any difficulty, give him a million; if this will not soften him, give him two; as you have not killed an inquisitor, they will have no suspicion of you; I'll fit out another ship, and go and wait for you at Venice; that's a free country, where there is no danger either from Bulgarians, Abares, Jews, or inquisitors. Cacambo greatly applauded this sage resolution. It grieved him to the very heart to part with so good a master, who now treated him like an intimate friend; but the pleasure of being serviceable to him, soon got the better of his sorrow. In embracing each other they shed tears; Candid charged him not to forget the good old woman: and Cacambo set out the same day. This Cacambo was a very honest fellow.

Candid staid some days longer at Surinam, waiting for another captain to carry him and the two remaining sheep to Italy. After he had hired domestics, and purchased every thing necessary for a long voyage, mynheer Vanderdendur, captain of a large vessel, came and offered his service. What will you have, said he to the Dutch skipper, to carry me and my servants, my baggage, and these two sheep you see



here, directly to Venice, without touching at any other port. The skipper asked ten thousand piaſtres; and Candid agreed to it without hesitation.

Ho, ho, ſaid the cunning Vanderdendur to himſelf, this ſtranger muſt be very rich, he agrees at once to give me ten thouſand piaſtres. Returning a little while after, he let him know, that upon ſecond conſideration, he could not undertake the voyage for leſs than twenty thouſand. Very well, you ſhall have them, ſaid Candid.

Ay, ſaid the ſkipper to himſelf, this man agrees to pay twenty thouſand piaſtres, with as much eaſe as ten. He went back to him again, and declared he could not carry him to Venice for leſs than thirty thouſand piaſtres. Then you ſhall have thirty thouſand, replied Candid.

Odſo, ſaid the Dutch ſkipper once more to himſelf, thirty thouſand piaſtres are a triſtle to this man; ſurely theſe ſheep muſt be laden with an immenſe treaſure; don't let us inſiſt upon more, but make him pay down the thirty thouſand piaſtres; and then we ſhall ſee. Candid ſold two ſmall diamonds, the leaſt of which was worth more than what the ſkipper aſked. He payed him before hand: the two ſheep were put on board; and Candid followed in a ſmall boat, propoſing to join the veſſel in the road: the captain takes his opportunity, hoiſts his ſails, and puts out to ſea with a favourable wind. Candid, confounded and amazed, immediately loſt ſight of him. Alas! ſaid he, here is a trick, ſuch a one,

as they would play in our old world! He puts back overwhelmed with sorrow, for indeed he had been robbed of what would have made the fortune of twenty monarchs.

No sooner was he landed, than he waited upon the Dutch magistrate: being much irritated, he knocks impetuously at the door, which being opened, he goes in, tells his case, and talks a little louder than was necessary. The magistrate began with fining him ten thousand piastres, for making a noise. Then he listened patiently to what he had to say, promised to examine into his affair at the skipper's return, and ordered him to pay ten thousand piastres for the expence of the present hearing.

Candid lost all patience at this behaviour: it is true, he had met with misfortunes a thousand times more grievous; but the phlegmatic disposition of the judge, and the knavery of the skipper, raised his choler, and flung him into a deep melancholy. The villainy of mankind presented itself before his imagination in all its deformity; and his mind harboured none but sorrowful ideas. At length hearing that a French captain was ready to set sail for Bourdeaux, as he had no more sheep loaded with diamonds to put on board, he hired the cabin at the usual price: but before he embarked, he made it known in the town, that if any honest man would favour him with his company during the voyage, he would pay his passage and board, and moreover give him



him ten thousand piastres ; provided that this man was the most dissatisfied with his condition, and the most unfortunate in the whole province.

Such a multitude of candidates appeared on this occasion, that a fleet of ships would have been hardly able to contain them all. Candid, willing to make his choice from among the most likely, selected twenty who appeared to him the most sociable, and who all pretended to merit the preference. He invited them to his inn, where he treated them with a supper, on condition that every man should swear to relate his own history ; promising to chuse the person, who to him should appear most deserving of compassion, and most justly dissatisfied with his station of life ; and to gratify the rest.

They sat till four o'clock in the morning : Candid, while he was hearing their adventures, recollected what the old woman had said to him in their voyage to Buenos-Ayres, and of her wager that there was not a person on board the ship, but had met with very great misfortunes. Every adventure he heard, put him in mind of Pangloss. My old master, said he, would be greatly puzzled to demonstrate his system. I wish he was here. Certainly if every thing is for the best, it is in Eldorado, and not in the other parts of the globe. At length he determined in favour of a poor scholar, who had laboured ten years for the booksellers at Amsterdam : he was of opinion, that no employment could be more detestable.

This

This scholar, who was an honest man, had been robbed by his wife, buffeted and abused by his son, and forsaken by his daughter, who got a Portuguese to run away with her. He had been also deprived of a small employment, on which he subsisted; and he was persecuted by the clergy of Surinam, who took him for a Socinian. We must allow that the others were at least as wretched as he; but Candid was in hopes that a man of letters would relieve the tediousness of the voyage. All the other candidates complained that Candid had done them great injustice; but he stopped their mouths, by giving one hundred piasters to each.

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C H A P. XX.

*What happened at sea to Candid and Martin.*

THE old philosopher, whose name was Martin, embarked then with Candid for Bourdeaux. They both had seen, and suffered a great deal; and if the vessel had been to sail from Surinam to Japan, round the Cape of Good Hope, the subject of moral and natural evil would have enabled them to entertain one another during the whole voyage.

Candid however had one great advantage over Martin, that he always hoped to see miss Cunegund again; whereas Martin had nothing at all to hope



hope for : besides, Candid was possessed of money and jewels, and though he had lost one hundred large red sheep, laden with the greatest treasure upon earth ; though the knavery of the Dutch skipper still sat heavy upon his mind ; yet when he reflected upon what he had still left, and when he mentioned the name of Cunegund, especially towards the latter end of a repast, he inclined to Pangloss's doctrine.

But what think you, Mr. Martin, said he, of this whole system ? what is your notion of moral and natural evil ? Sir, answered Martin, our priests accused me of being a Socinian ; but the real fact is, I am a Manichean. You jest, said Candid, there are no Manicheans now in the world. I am one, said Martin ; but I cannot help it ; I know not how to think otherwise. Surely the devil must be in you, said Candid. He is so deeply concerned in the affairs of this world, answered Martin, that he may very well be in me, as well as every where else ; but I own to you, that when I cast an eye on this globe, or rather on this globule, I cannot help thinking, but that God has abandoned it to some malignant being : I always except Eldorado. I scarce ever knew a city that did not desire the destruction of the next city to it : scarce a family that did not wish to exterminate some other family. The poor in all parts of the world abominate the rich, to whom they are obliged to creep and cringe ; and the rich treat the poor like sheep, whose wool and flesh they

they barter for money. A million of regimented assassins running from one extremity of Europe to the other, get their bread by regular depredation and murder, for want of honester employment. Even in those cities, which seem to enjoy the blessings of peace, and where the arts and sciences flourish, the inhabitants are devoured with envy, care, inquietude, and other plagues, much greater than those which are felt in a town besieged. Private chagrines are still more shocking than public calamities. In a word, I have seen and suffered so much, that I am a Manichean.

There is some good, however, in this world, replied Candid. That may be, said Martin; but I know it not.

In the middle of this dispute, they heard the report of cannon, which redoubled every instant. Each man takes out his glass; and they espy two ships engaged at about the distance of three miles. The wind brought them both so near the French vessel, that the latter had the pleasure of seeing the engagement with great ease. At length one gave the other a shot between wind and water, which sunk her to the bottom. Candid and Martin could plainly perceive a hundred men upon the deck of the vessel which sunk, who, with their hands lifted up to heaven, made most terrible outcries, and the next moment were swallowed up by the sea.

Well, said Martin, you see in what manner mankind treat one another. It is true, said Candid, there is in  
this



this affair somewhat diabolical; and as he spoke these words, he espied something, he knew not what, red and glittering, which swam close to the vessel. They put out the boat, to see what it could be, and it proved to be one of his sheep: at the recovery of this animal, Candid was more rejoiced, than he had been grieved at the loss of the other hundred, though laden with the large diamonds of Eldorado.

The French captain quickly perceived, that the victorious ship belonged to the crown of Spain, that the other was a Dutch pirate, and the very same captain who had robbed Candid. The immense plunder which this villain had amassed, was buried with him in the deep, and out of the whole only one sheep was saved. You see, said Candid to Martin, that vice is sometimes punished; this villain, the Dutch skipper, has met with the fate he deserved. Yes, said Martin; but why should the passengers be doomed also to destruction? God has punished the knave, and the devil has drowned the rest.

The French and Spanish ships continued their course, and Candid his conversation with Martin. They disputed fifteen days successively, and at the end of those fifteen days, they were as far advanced as when they began. However, by this conference, they communicated their ideas, and consoled each other. Candid made much of his sheep: since I have found thee again, said he, I may likewise chance to find my Cunegund again.

## C H A P. XXI.

*Candid and Martin draw near the coast of France, and reason with each other.*

AT length they descried the coast of France ; when Candid said to Martin : Sir, was you ever in France ? Yes, said Martin, I have been in several provinces of that kingdom. In some, one half of the people are fools ; in others they are too cunning ; in others they are, for the generality, either good-natured, or very brutish ; in others they affect to be witty ; and in all their ruling passion is love, the next is slander, and the last is to talk nonsense. But, Mr. Martin, pray was you ever at Paris ? Yes, sir, it is a place that contains the several species just described ; it is a chaos, a confused multitude, where every body seeks for pleasure without being able to find it, at least as far as I have observed during my short stay in that city. At my arrival I was robbed of all I had in the world, by pickpockets, and sharpers, at the fair of St. Germain. I was taken up myself for a robber, and confined eight days in prison ; after which I served as corrector of the press, in order to get a little money towards defraying my expences back to Holland on foot. I knew the whole tribe of scribblers, with the malecontents, and fanatics. It is said that there are very polite people in that city ; and I am inclined to believe it.



For my part, I have no curiosity to see France, said Candid; you may easily imagine, that after spending a month at Eldorado, I can desire to behold nothing upon earth but miss Cunegund. I am going to wait for her at Venice; we shall pass through France in our way to Italy: won't you bear me company? With all my heart, said Martin: it is said that Venice can be agreeable to none but noble Venetians; but that strangers, however, are welcome if they have a good deal of money; I have none; you have; therefore I'll follow you all the world over. Now I think of it, do you believe, said Candid, that the earth was originally a sea, as we find asserted in that large book belonging to the captain? I do not believe a word of it, said Martin, no more than I do of a thousand reveries, which have been published lately. But, said Candid, for what purpose or design was this world originally framed? To plague us to death, answered Martin. Are not you greatly surprized, continued Candid, at the passion of the two girls, in the country of the Oreillons, for those monkeys, with whose story I made you acquainted? Not at all, said Martin; I find nothing extraordinary in it: I have seen so many strange things, that I wonder at nothing. Do you believe, said Candid, that mankind used always to cut one another's throats, as they do at present; that they were always guilty of lies, fraud, treachery, ingratitude, inconstancy, envy, ambition, and cruelty; that they were always thieves, fools, cowards, gluttons,

gluttons, drunkards, misers, calumniators, debauchees, fanatics, and hypocrites? Do you believe, said Martin, that hawks have always been accustomed to eat pigeons, when these came in their way? Yes, surely, said Candid. Well then, said Martin, if hawks have always had the same nature, why should you pretend that mankind change theirs? Oh! said Candid, there is a vast deal of difference for free-will . . . . . and reasoning thus they arrived at Bourdeaux.



## C H A P. XXII.

*What happened in France to Candid and Martin.*

CANDID made no longer stay at Bourdeaux, than was necessary for selling a few of the pebbles of Eldorado, and for hiring a good vehicle to hold two passengers; for he could not bear to be without his philosopher Martin. He was only vexed to part with his sheep, which he left to the academy of sciences at Bourdeaux. The academy proposed as a subject for this year's prize, the reason why this sheep's wool was red; and the prize was adjudged to a learned man in the North, who demonstrated by  $A$ , plus  $B$ , minus  $C$ , divided by  $Z$ , that the sheep must be red, and die of the rot.

In the mean time the passengers, whom Candid met in the several inns upon the road, all told him they were going to Paris. This general impatience of



seeing the capital, inspired him at length with the same desire ; and it was not much out of his way to Venice.

He entered Paris by the suburb of St. Marceau, and thought himself in the dirtiest village in Westphalia.

No sooner was Candid arrived at his inn, than he was seized by a slight disorder, occasioned by his great fatigue. As he had a very large diamond ring on his finger, and the people of the inn had taken notice of a prodigious heavy casket among his baggage, in an instant he had no less than physicians to attend him, though he had never sent for them ; some intimate friends likewise, whom he did not know, kept close to him ; and two devotees warmed his pissans. Martin said, I remember to have been sick at Paris in my first voyage ; but as I was very poor, I had neither friends, devotees, nor physicians ; yet I recovered.

However, what with physic and bleeding, Candid's distemper was become a very serious affair. The parson of the parish came with great modesty, and demanded a sight of his bill of credit for the other world, payable to the bearer\*. Candid refused it ; but the devotees assured him it was the new fashion. He made answer, that he did not trouble his head about fashions. Martin was going to throw the priest out of the win-

\* This alludes to the late dispute between the parliament of Paris and the clergy, about the certificates of confession.

dow. The priest swore that Candid should not have Christian burial. Martin swore he would bury the priest, if he continued to be troublesome. They grew warm, when Martin took hold of the priest by the shoulders, and turned him out of doors; which occasioned great scandal, and an action at law.

Candid got well again. Upon his recovery he had very genteel company to sup with him: they played very deep; and Candid was surprized he could never throw ambs-ace; but Martin was not surprized at all.

Among those who paid their respects to him, was a little abbé of Perigord, one of those busy bodies, who are ever alert, officious, forward, fawning and complaisant; who *set* travellers in their passage through the capital, tell them all the scandal of the town, and offer to pimp for them at all sorts of prices. This man began with carrying Candid and Martin to the playhouse, where a new tragedy was to be acted. Candid happened to be seated near some of the *beaux esprits*; but this did not prevent his shedding tears at some scenes that were well acted. One of those critics, who stood near him, spoke thus to him between one of the acts: Your tears are greatly misplaced; that's a shocking actress; the actor who plays with her is a worse performer than herself; and the play is worse still than the actors: the author does not understand a word of Arabic, yet the scene is in Arabia; besides, he is a man that does not be-



lieve in innate ideas; and I'll bring you to-morrow twenty pamphlets against him. Sir, said the little Perigord, did you take notice of that young creature, with such a killing countenance, and so delicate a shape? You may have her for ten thousand livres a month, and fifty thousand crowns in diamonds. I could not stay with her above a day or two, answered Candid, because I have an engagement that calls me directly to Venice.

After supper, the insinuating abbé shewed himself still more officious in paying his court to Candid. And so, sir, you have an engagement at Venice? Yes, monsieur l'Abbé, answered Candid; I must absolutely wait upon miss Cunegund. And then the pleasure of talking about the object he loved, induced him to relate, according to custom, part of his adventures with that fair Westphalian.

I believe, said the abbé, miss Cunegund has a great deal of wit, and that her letters are charming. I never received any from her, answered Candid: for consider, being expelled the castle upon her account, I could not write to her; especially as I heard she was dead soon after; but thank God, I found she was living. I lost her again after this; and now I have sent an express to her a thousand five hundred leagues from hence, to which I wait for an answer.

The abbé listened attentively, and seemed to be musing. He soon took his leave of the two foreigners, after a most tender embrace. The  
next.

next morning, when Candid awaked, he received a letter couched in the following terms.

“ My dear love—— I have been ill these eight days in town; and have heard of your arrival. I should fly to your arms, were I able to stir or move. I was informed of your passage at Bourdeaux, where I left faithful Cacambo and the old woman, who are to follow me very soon. The governor of Buenos-Ayres has taken every thing from me but your heart, which still remains. Come to me, your presence will either give me life, or kill me with pleasure.”

At the receipt of this charming, this unexpected letter, Candid felt the utmost transports of joy; though, on the other hand, the indisposition of his dear Cunegund overwhelmed him with grief. Distracted between those two passions, he takes his gold and his diamonds, and gets somebody to conduct him and Martin to the house, where miss Cunegund was lodged. Upon entering the room, he trembles in every limb, his heart flutters, his tongue falters; he attempts to undraw the curtain, and calls for a light to the bedside: Take care what you do, said the servant-maid, the light is offensive to her; and immediately she draws the curtain close again. My dear Cunegund, said Candid dissolved in tears, how do you do? If you cannot bear the light, speak to me at least. She cannot speak, said the maid. The lady then puts a plump hand out of bed, and Candid first bathes it with tears, then fills it with diamonds,



diamonds, leaving a purse of gold upon the easy chair.

In the middle of his transports, in comes an officer followed by the abbé, and a file of musqueteers. There, said he, are the two suspected foreigners; at the same time he orders them to be seized, and carried to prison. Travellers are not treated after this manner in Eldorado, said Candid. I am more a Manichean now than ever, said Martin. But pray, sir, where are you going to carry us? said Candid. To a dungeon, answered the officer.

Martin having recovered himself so as to judge coolly, thought that the person who acted the part of Cunegund was a cheat; that monsieur l'abbé de Perigord was a sharper, who had imposed upon the honest simplicity of Candid; and that the officer was a knave, whom they might easily get rid of.

Candid, directed by Martin's advice, and impatient to see the real Cunegund, rather than expose himself before a court of justice, proposes to the officer to give him three small diamonds, each of them worth about three thousand pistoles. Ah, sir, said he, had you committed ever so much villany, this would render you in my eye the honestest man in the world: three diamonds, worth three thousand pistoles each! Sir, instead of carrying you to jail, I would lose my life to serve you. There are orders for arresting all strangers: but let me alone; I have a brother at Dieppe in Normandy; I'll conduct you thither, and  
if

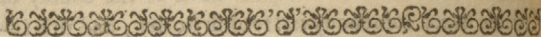
If you have ever a diamond to give him, he'll take as much care of you as I myself should.

And why, said Candid, should all strangers be arrested? The abbé de Perigord then made answer and said, it is because a poor devil of the county of Artois heard somebody tell foolish stories; and this induced him to commit a parricide, not such as that of the month of May 1610, but such as that of 1594, in the month of December, and such as have been perpetrated in other months and years by other poor devils, who had heard foolish stories.

The officer then explained what the abbé meant. Horrid monsters! cried Candid aloud; is it possible that such scenes should be transacted among a dancing, singing nation? Is there no getting immediately out of this country, where monkeys provoke tigers? I have seen bears in my country; but men I have beheld no where except in Eldorado. In the name of God, sir, said he to the officer, conduct me to Venice, where I am to wait for miss Cunegund. I can conduct you no farther than to Lower Normandy, said the officer. Immediately he orders his irons to be struck off, acknowledges himself mistaken, sends away his men, sets out with Candid and Martin for Dieppe, and consigns them to the care of his brother. There was then a small Dutch ship in the harbour: the Norman, grown the most officious man in the world, by virtue of the three other diamonds, sees Candid and his attendants on board a vessel that was just ready to set sail for Portsmouth. This was not  
the



the way to Venice; but Candid thought he had made his escape out of hell, and he reckoned he should soon have an opportunity of resuming his voyage to Venice.



## C H A P. XXIII.

*Candid and Martin touch upon the English coast; and what they see there.*

AH Pangloss! Pangloss! Ah Martin! Martin! Ah my dear Cunegund! what sort of a world is this? said Candid, when he got on board the Dutch ship. Something very foolish and abominable, answered Martin. You are acquainted with England, said Candid: are they as great fools in that country as in France? Their follies are of a different kind, said Martin; you know that these two nations are at war, about a few acres of barren land in the neighbourhood of Canada, and that they have spent a great deal more in the prosecution of this war than all Canada is worth. To tell you exactly, whether there are more inhabitants fit to send to a madhouse in one country than in the other, is what my imperfect intelligence will not permit. I only know in general, that the people we are going to see, are of a melancholy disposition.

As they were chatting in this manner, they arrived at Portsmouth. The coast was lined with a multitude of people, whose eyes were fixed on a lusty man who

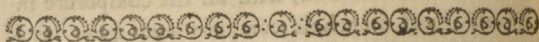
who was kneeling down, with something tied before his eyes, on the deck of one of the men of war. Opposite to this man stood four soldiers, who shot three bullets each into his skull, with all the composure in the world; and the whole company went away very well satisfied. What is all this? said Candid; and what dæmon is it that exercises his tyrannic sway all over the world? He then asked who was that lusty man, who had been killed with so much ceremony. They answered, he was an admiral. And why should you kill your admiral? Because he did not take care to kill a sufficient number of men himself. He gave battle to a French admiral; and it has been proved that he was not near enough to him. But, replied Candid, the French admiral was as far from the English admiral. There is no doubt of it, said they; but in this country, it is proper now and then to kill one admiral, in order to encourage the others to fight.

Candid was so shocked at what he saw and heard, that he would not set foot on shore, but made a bargain with the Dutch skipper (were he even to rob him, like the captain at Surinam) to carry him directly to Venice.

The skipper was ready in two days. They sailed along the coast of France, and passing within sight of Lisbon, Candid trembled. From thence they proceeded to the Streights, entered the Mediterranean, and after a long passage arrived at Venice. God be praised, said Candid, embracing Martin;  
here



here I shall see once more my beloved Cunegund. I put as much trust in Cacambo as in myself. All is well, all very well, all as well as possible.



## C H A P. XXIV.

*Of Paquette and friar Giroflée.*

U P O N their arrival at Venice, he went in search of Cacambo at every inn and coffee-house, and among all the ladies of pleasure, but to no purpose. He sent every day to inquire what ships were come in. No news of Cacambo. Strange! said he to Martin; that I should have had time to perform a voyage from Surinam to Bourdeaux, to travel from thence to Paris and to Dieppe, to touch at Portsmouth, to sail along the coast of Portugal and Spain, and up the Mediterranean, to spend some months at Venice; and that my lovely Cunegund should not be yet arrived. Instead of her, I only met with a Parisian bite, and the abbé de Perigord! Cunegund is certainly dead; and I have nothing more to do but to follow her to her grave. Alas! how much better would it have been for me to have remained in the paradise of Eldorado, than to have returned to this cursed Europe? You are in the right, my dear Martin! all is misery and deceit.

He

He was seized with a deep melancholy, and neither went to see the opera, nor any of the other diversions of the carnival; nay, he was proof against the charms of the fair-sex. Martin said to him, You are very simple indeed to imagine that a mongrel valet, intrusted with five or six millions, will go in search of your mistress to the other end of the world, and bring her to you to Venice. If he finds her, he will keep her to himself; if he does not find her, he will get another. I advise you to forget your valet Cacambo, and your fair Cunegund. Martin's advice was not very consoling. Candid's melancholy increased; and Martin continued to prove to him, that there was very little virtue or happiness upon earth, except perhaps in Eldorado, where no body could gain admittance.

While they were disputing on this important subject, and waiting for Cunegund, Candid saw a young Theatin friar in the piazza di St. Marco, holding a girl under his arm. The Theatin looked fresh coloured, plump, and vigorous; his eyes sparkled; his air, his gait, was bold and lofty. The girl was very pretty, and was singing a song; she gave her Theatin an amorous ogle, and sometimes pinched his face cheeks. At least you will allow me, said Candid to Martin, that these two are happy: hitherto I have met with none but unfortunate people in the whole habitable globe, except in Eldorado; but as to this pair, I would venture to lay a wager that they are very happy. I lay you they are not, said Martin. We



need only ask them to dine with us, said Candid, and you will see whether I am mistaken or not.

Immediately he accosts them, and with great complaisance invites them to his inn, to eat some macaroni, with Lombard partridges, and caviare; and to drink some Montepulciano, Lacryma Christi, Cyprus, and Samos wine. The girl blushed, the Theatin accepted the invitation, and she followed him, casting her eyes on Candid with confusion and surprize, and dropping a few tears. No sooner had she set her foot in Candid's apartment, than she cried out; So, Mr. Candid, don't you know your Paquette again! Candid had not viewed her as yet with attention, his thoughts being intirely taken up with Cunegund: but recollecting her as she spoke these words, Alas; said he, poor girl, was it you that reduced doctor Pangloss to the fine condition I saw him in?

It was I, sir, indeed, answered Paquette; I find you have heard the whole story. I have been informed of the sad disasters that besel the family of my lady baroness, and the fair Cunegund. My fate, I vow, has been equally cruel. I was a very innocent girl, when you knew me. A Cordelier, my confessor, easily seduced me. The consequences were terrible. I was obliged to quit the castle a little after the baron kicked you out of doors. If a famous doctor had not taken compassion of me, I must have perished. For some time I was this doctor's mistress merely out of gratitude. His wife was as jealous as the devil, and used to beat me every day most unmercifully;

fully; she was a very fiend of hell. The doctor was one of the ugliest fellows I ever saw in my life, and I the most wretched of women, to be thus continually buffeted and bruised for the sake of a man whom I did not love. You know, sir, what a dangerous thing it is for an ill-natured woman to be married to any of the medical tribe. Incensed at the behaviour of his wife, he one day gave her so effectual a remedy to cure her of a slight cold, that she died two hours after, in most horrid convulsions. The wife's relations prosecuted the husband, who was obliged to fly; and I was thrown into jail. My innocence would not have saved me, if I had not been handsome. The judge acquitted me, on condition of his succeeding the doctor. I was soon supplanted by a rival, turned out of doors quite destitute, and obliged to continue this abominable trade, which appears so pleasant to you men, while to us women, it is the utmost pitch of misery. At length I came to follow the business at Venice. Ah! sir, if you did but know what it is to be obliged to lie with every fellow, with old merchants, with counsellors, monks, gondoliers and abbés; to be exposed to all their abuse and insolence; to be often necessitated to borrow a pettycoat, only that it may be taken up by a disagreeable rascal; to be robbed by one gallant of what we have earned of the other; to be subject to the extortions of civil-magistrates; and to have in prospect the frightful scene of old age, an hospital, or a dunghill; you would con-



clude, that I am one of the most unhappy wretches upon earth.

Thus did Paquette open her mind to honest Candid, in his closet, in the presence of Martin, who took occasion to say to him, You see I have won one half of the wager already.

Friar Giroflée staid in the parlour, and drank a glass or two of wine while he was waiting for dinner. But, said Candid to Paquette, you looked so gay and content when I met you ; you sung, and you behaved so lovingly to the Theatin, that you seemed to me as happy, as you pretend to be now miserable. Ah ! sir, answered Paquette, this is one of the miseries of the trade. Yesterday I was robbed and abused by an officer ; yet to day I must put on a good humour to please a friar.

Candid wanted no more to be convinced ; he owned that Martin was in the right. They sat down to table with Paquette and the Theatin ; the entertainment was very agreeable ; and towards the end, they began to talk with some degree of freedom. Father, said Candid to the friar, you seem to me to enjoy a state of happiness, that even kings might envy ; your countenance is the picture of health and jollity ; you have a very pretty girl to divert you ; and you appear to be well satisfied with your condition as a Theatin.

Faith, sir, said friar Giroflée, I heartily wish that all the Theatins were at the bottom of the sea. I have been tempted a thousand times to set fire to the  
con-

convent, and to go and turn Turk. My parents obliged me, at the age of fifteen, to put on this detestable habit, only to increase the fortune of a cursed elder brother of mine, whom God confound. Jealousy, discord, and fury, reside in our convent. It is true, I have preached a few paltry sermons, whereby I got a little money, part of which the prior robs me of, and the other helps to pay for my girls; but at night, when I go home to my convent, I am ready to dash my brains against the walls of the dormitory; and this is the very case with all the fraternity.

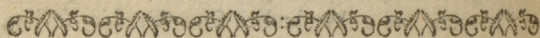
Martin turning towards Candid with his usual indifference, said, Well, what do you think? have I won the wager intirely? Candid gave two thousand piasters to Paquette, and a thousand to friar Giroflée, saying, I'll answer now, that this will make them happy. I believe no such thing, said Martin; perhaps this money will only render them more wretched. Be that as it may, said Candid: but one thing consoles me; I see that we often meet with those whom we expected never to find any more; so that perhaps, as I have found my red sheep and Paquette, it may be my good fortune to meet also with Cunegund. I wish, said Martin, she may one day make you happy; but I doubt it very much. You are hard of belief, said Candid: it is because, answered Martin, I have seen the world.

You see those gondoliers, said Candid: are not they perpetually singing? You do not see them, answered



Martin, at home, with their wives and brats. The doge has his chagrins, the gondoliers theirs. Not but I believe that upon the whole, the gondolier's life is preferable to that of a doge; however, I look upon the difference as so trifling, that it is not worth the trouble of examining into.

People talk, said Candid, of the senator Pococurante, who lives in that fine palace on the Brenta, where he entertains foreigners in the most polite manner. They pretend that this man never felt any uneasiness. I should be glad to see so extraordinary a phenomenon, said Martin. On which Candid sent his compliments to the senator, desiring leave to wait upon him the next day.



## C H A P. XXV.

*Candid and Martin pay a visit to the senator Pococurante, a noble Venetian.*

C A N D I D and Martin went in a gondola on the Brenta, and arrived at the palace of the noble signor Pococurante. The gardens were laid out in taste, and adorned with fine marble statues: the palace was built according to the most regular architecture. The master of the house was a man of sixty, and very rich: he received the two travellers with great politeness, and but little ceremony; which put Candid a little out of countenance, but was not at all disagreeable to Martin.

First

First two pretty girls, very neatly dressed, served them with chocolate, which was extremely well frothed. Candid could not help commending their beauty, grace, and address: the creatures are well enough, said the senator; I make them lie with me sometimes, for I am tired of the ladies of the town; I am tired of their coquetry, their jealousy, their quarrels, their humours, their monkey-tricks, their pride, their folly; I am tired of making sonnets, or of ordering sonnets to be made for them: but after all, these two girls begin to grow very indifferent to me.

After breakfast, Candid walked into a long gallery, where he was struck with the fine paintings. He asked, of what master the two first were? They are Raphael's, said the senator; I bought them at a monstrous price some years ago, merely out of vanity; they are said to be the finest things in Italy, but they do not please me at all; the colouring is dark, the figures are not round, neither do they come out enough; the drapery is very bad. In short, let people say what they will, I do not look upon them as a true representation of nature. I approve of no picture, but where I think I see nature herself; and there are none of this sort: I have a great collection, but I take no manner of pleasure in them.

While they were waiting for dinner, Pococurante ordered a concert. Candid praised the music to  
the



the skies : this noise, said the senator, may amuse one for half an hour ; but if it was to last longer, it would grow tiresome to every body, though they durst not own it. Music is become the art of executing what is difficult ; now whatever is difficult, cannot be long pleasing.

Perhaps I should be fonder of an opera, if they had not made such a monster of it, as really shocks me. Let who will go to see wretched tragedies set to music, where the scenes are contrived for no other end than to introduce preposterously three or four ridiculous songs, which set off the pipe of an actress. Let who will, or who can, die away with pleasure, at the sight of an eunuch quavering the majestic part of Cæsar, or a Cato, and awkwardly strutting along the stage : for my part, I have long ago renounced those paultry entertainments, which constitute the glory of modern Italy, and are so dearly purchased by sovereigns. Candid disputed the point, but he did it with discretion ; as for Martin, he was entirely of the senator's opinion.

They sat down to dinner ; and after they had been elegantly entertained, they retired to the library. Candid spying a Homer richly bound, commended Illustrissimo's taste. There, said he, is a book, that was once the delight of the great Pangloss, the best philosopher in Germany. He is no favourite of mine, answered Pococurante very coolly ; they used heretofore to make me believe that I took a pleasure in reading him. But that

con-

continual repetition of battles, so extremely like one another; those gods that are always bustling, without coming to any decisive blow; that Helen, who is the cause of the war, and yet hardly acts a single character in the whole performance; that Troy, which sustains so long a siege without being taken; all this together renders the poem very insipid to me. I have asked some learned men whether they were not as much tired as myself with reading that poet? Those who were sincere, have frankly acknowledged to me that he made them fall asleep; and yet it was proper to have him in their libraries, as an ancient monument, or like those rusty medals which are no longer of use in commerce.

But your excellency, said Candid, does not form the same opinion of Virgil? I grant, said the senator, that the second, fourth, and sixth book of the *Æneid* are excellent: but as for his pious *Æneas*, his strong *Cloanthus*, his friend *Achates*, his little *Ascanius*, his silly king *Latinus*, his uncourtly *Amata*, his insipid *Lavinia*, I think there can be nothing more flat and disagreeable. I prefer *Tasso* a good deal more; or even the soporiferous tales of *Ariosto*.

May I presume to ask you, sir, said Candid, whether you do not receive a great deal of pleasure in perusing *Horace*? There are maxims in this writer, answered *Pocourante*, from which a man of the world may reap some benefit; and being comprized in laconic verse, they are more easily imprinted in the memory. But I set very little value upon his journey.



journey to Brundisium, and his account of his bad dinner, or on his dirty low quarrel between one Rupilius, whose words, he says, were full of poisonous filth, and another, whose language was imbued with vinegar. I have been very much offended with his indelicate verses against old women and witches; nor do I see any merit in telling his friend Mæcenas, that if he will but rank him in the choir of lyric poets, his lofty head shall touch the stars. Fools are apt to admire every thing in an author of reputation. For my part, I read only to please myself; I like nothing but what makes for my purpose. Candid having been educated with a notion of never judging for himself, was very much surprized at what he heard; but Martin found there was a good deal of reason in Pococurante's remarks.

O! here is Tully, says Candid; here is the great man, whom I fancy you are never tired of reading. I never read him at all, replied the Venetian. What is it to me, whether he pleads for Rabirius or Cluentius? I try causes enough myself: his philosophical works are more in my taste; but when I found that he doubted of every thing, I concluded that I knew as much as he, and that I had no need of a guide to learn ignorance.

Ha! here are fourscore volumes, cried Martin, of the academy of sciences; perhaps there is something valuable in this collection. There might, said Pococurante, if only one of those rakers of rubbish had shewn us the art of pin-making:  
but

but in all those volumes, there is nothing but chimerical systems, and not one single article conducive to real use.

What a number of plays do I behold, said Candid, in Italian, Spanish, and French! Yes, replied the senator, there are three thousand, and not three dozen of them good for any thing. As to those huge volumes of theology, and those collections of sermons, which all together are not worth a single page of Seneca, you may well imagine, that neither myself nor any body else ever opens them.

Martin saw some shelves filled with English books. I have a notion, said he, that a republican must be vastly pleased with most of these books, which are written with a spirit of freedom: yes, answered Pococurante, it is noble to write as one thinks; this is the privilege of humanity. All over Italy we write only what we do not think; so that they who inhabit the country of the Cæsars and the Antoninus's, dare not acquire a single idea, without the permission of a Dominican friar. I should be pleased with the liberty of the English nation, if the good effects of it were not entirely frustrated by passion and the spirit of party.

Candid observing a Milton, asked whether he did not look upon this author as a great man? Who? said Pococurante, that barbarian, who writes a long commentary in ten books of rough verse on the first chapter of Genesis; that awkward imitator of the Greeks, who disfigures the creation, by making the  
Messiah



Messiah take a pair of compasses from the armoury of heaven to circumscribe this world, whereas Moses represents the Eternal producing the universe by his fiat? How can I have any esteem for a writer who has spoiled Tasso's hell and the devil; who transforms Lucifer, sometimes into a toad, and other times into a pigmy; who makes him repeat the same things a hundred times; who turns him into a school divine; who, by a serious imitation of Aristotle's comic invention of fire arms, represents the devils cannonading in heaven? Neither I, nor any man in Italy, can take pleasure in those melancholy reveries: but the marriage of sin and death, and the snakes brought forth by sin, are enough to turn any person's stomach, that has the least delicacy of taste. This obscure, whimsical, and disagreeable poem, was neglected upon its first publication: and I only treat the author now, as he was treated in his own country by his cotemporaries. You are to observe, I say, what I think; but I trouble my head very little, whether others think with me or not.

Candid was grieved at this speech, because he had a respect for Homer, and was fond of Milton. Alas! said he softly to Martin, I am afraid this man holds our German poets in very great contempt. There would not be much harm in that, answered Martin. O, what a surprizing man! continued Candid to mumble to himself: what a great genius is this Pococurante! nothing can please him.

After

After having taken a survey of the library, they went down into the garden; where Candid commended its several beauties. I know nothing upon earth laid out in so bad a taste, said the master; all you see is childish and trifling: but I shall have another laid out to-morrow, upon a nobler plan.

As soon as the two travellers had taken leave of his excellency; Well, said Candid to Martin, you will agree that this is the happiest of mortals; for he is above every thing he possesses. But do not you see, answered Martin, that he has taken a dislike to every thing he possesses? Plato observed a long while ago, that the best stomachs are not those which reject all sorts of aliments. But is there not a pleasure, said Candid, in criticising every thing? in perceiving faults, where others think they see beauties? That is, replied Martin, there is a pleasure in having no pleasure. Well, well, said Candid, I find that I shall be the only happy man, when I am blessed with the sight of my dear Cuncund. You are in the right to hope, said Martin.

In the mean while days and weeks passed away, and no news of Cacambo: Candid was so overwhelmed with grief, that he did not reflect on the behaviour of Paquette and friar Giroflée, who never so much as returned to give him thanks.



## CHAP. XXVI.

*How Candid and Martin supped with six strangers, and who they were.*

ONE evening that Candid and Martin were going to sit down to supper with some foreigners, who lodged in the same inn, a man, whose complexion was as black as soot, came behind Candid, and taking him by the arm, said, Get yourself ready to go along with us ; do not fail. Upon this he turns about, and sees Cacambo. Nothing but the presence of Cunegund could have surprized or pleased him more. He was just ready to run mad for joy. After he had embraced his dear friend, Cunegund is come with you, said he, to be sure ; where is she ? Carry me to her, that I may die with joy in her company. Cunegund is not here, answered Cacambo, she is at Constantinople. O heavens ! at Constantinople ! But if she was in China, I would fly thither : let's be gone, quick. We shall set out after supper, replied Cacambo ; I can say no more to you ; I am a slave, my master waits for me, I must attend him at table ; do not say a word ; eat your supper, and get ready.

Candid, distracted between joy and grief, charmed to see again his faithful agent, surprized to behold him in servitude, his heart palpitating, his understanding confused, but firmly hoping to recover his dear

dear Cunegund, sat down to table along with Martin, who saw all these scenes quite unconcerned, and with six strangers who were come to spend the carnival at Venice.

Cacambo waited at table upon one of those strangers; towards the end of the repast he drew near his master, and whispered him in the ear; Sire, your majesty may go when you please, the vessel is ready. On saying these words he went out. The company in great surprize looked at one another without speaking a word, when another domestic approached his master, and said to him, Sire, your majesty's chaise is at Padua, and the boat is ready. The master gave a nod, and the servant went away. The company all stared at one another again, for their surprize was greatly increased. A third valet came up to a third stranger; saying, Sire, depend upon it, your majesty ought not to stay here any longer, I am going to get every thing ready; and immediately he disappeared.

Candid and Martin made no manner of doubt but this was a masquerade of the carnival. Then a fourth domestic said to the fourth master, Your majesty may depart whenever you please; and saying this he went away like the rest. The fifth valet said the same to the fifth master. But the sixth valet spoke in a different strain to the sixth stranger, who sat near to Candid; his words were; Faith, sir, they will trust your majesty no longer, nor myself neither, and we may



both of us chance to be sent to jail this very night; therefore I will take care of myself. Adieu.

The servants being all gone, the six strangers, with Candid and Martin, remained in a profound silence. At length Candid said, Gentlemen, this is a very good joke indeed: but why should you be all kings? For my part I own to you that neither Martin nor I have any kingdoms.

Cacambo's master then gravely answered in Italian, I am not at all joking; my name is Achmet III. I was grand seignor a great many years; I dethroned my brother; my nephew dethroned me; my vizirs were beheaded; and I am condemned to end my days in the old Seraglio. My nephew the great sultan Mahmoud permits me to travel sometimes for my health, and I am come to spend the carnival at Venice.

A young man, who sat next to Achmet, spoke then as follows: My name is Ivan. I was once emperor of all the Russias; but was dethroned in my cradle: my parents were confined; and I was educated in prison: yet I am sometimes allowed to travel, in company with persons who keep a guard over me; and I am come to spend the carnival at Venice.

The third said: I am Charles-Edward, king of England; my father has resigned all his regal rights to me. I have fought in defence of them; and above eight hundred of my adherents have been hanged, drawn, and quartered. I have myself been confined

fin'd in prison: I am going to Rome, to pay a visit to the king my father, who was dethroned as well as myself and my grandfather, and am come to spend the carnival at Venice.

The fourth spoke thus in his turn: I am the king of Poland; the fortune of war has stripp'd me of my hereditary dominions; my father underwent the same vicissitudes; I resign myself to Providence in the same manner as sultan Achmet, the emperor Ivan, and king Charles-Edward, whom God long preserve; and I am come to pass the carnival at Venice.

The fifth said: I am king of Poland also; I have been twice dethroned; but Providence has given me another country, where I have done more good, than all the Sarmatian kings were ever capable of doing on the banks of the Vistula: I resign myself likewise to Providence, and am come to pass the carnival at Venice.

It was now the sixth monarch's turn to speak. Gentlemen, said he, I am not so great a prince as any of you; however I am a crowned head. I am Theodore, elected king of Corsica; I had the title of majesty, and now I am hardly treated as a gentleman. I have coined money; and now am not worth a farthing: I have had two secretaries of state, and now I have scarce a valet. I was once seated on a throne, and since that I have for some time laid upon straw in a common jail in London. I am afraid I shall meet with the same treatment in



Venice, though I am come like your majesties to divert myself at the carnival.

The other five kings listened to this speech with a generous compassion; each of them gave twenty zequins to king Theodore to buy him clothes and linen; and Candid made him a present of a diamond worth two thousand zequins. Who can this private person be, said the five kings to one another, who is able to give, and really has given, a hundred times as much as any of us?

Just as they rose from table, in came four serene highnesses, who had also been stripped of their territories by the fortune of war, and were come to spend the remainder of the carnival at Venice. But Candid took no manner of notice of those newcomers; his thoughts were intirely employed on his voyage to Constantinople, in search of his beloved Cunegund.

## C H A P. XXVII.

*Candid's voyage to Constantinople.*

THE faithful Cacambo had already prevailed with the Turkish captain, to take Candid and Martin on board his ship, which was to reconduct sultan Achmet to Constantinople. They both embarked, after paying their obeisance to his miserable highness. As Candid was on his way, he said to Martin, You see we supped in company with six dethroned kings, and out of those six there was one to whom I gave charity. Perhaps there are a great many other princes more unfortunate still. For my part, I have lost only a hundred sheep; and now I am flying into Cunegund's arms. My dear Martin, once more I must say it, Pangloss was in the right, every thing is for the best. I wish it, answered Martin. But, says Candid, it was a very strange adventure we met with at Venice. There never was an instance before, of six dethroned kings supping together at a public inn. This is not more extraordinay, said Martin, than most of the things that have happened to us. It is a very common thing for kings to be dethroned; and as for the honour we have had to sup in their company, it is a mere trifle, not worth our attention.

No sooner had Candid got on board the vessel, than he flew to his old valet and friend Cacambo, and tenderly embraced him. Well, said he, what news



news of Cunegund? Is she still the pearl of beauties? Does she love me still? How does she do? No doubt but you purchased a palace for her at Constantinople?

My dear master, answered Cacambo, Cunegund washes dishes on the banks of the Propontis, in the service of a prince, who has very few dishes to wash; she is a slave in the family of an ancient sovereign, named Ragotsky, to whom the grand seignor allows three crowns a day in his exile. But what is worst of all, she has lost her beauty, and is grown confounded ugly. Well! handsome or ugly, replied Candid, I am a man of honour, and it is my duty to love her still. But in the name of wonder, how came she to be reduced to so abject a state, with the five or six millions that you carried to her? Ah! said Cacambo, was not I to give two millions to signor Don Fernando d'Ibara, y Figueora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza, governor of Buenos-Ayres, for permitting miss Cunegund to come away? And did not a Corsair bravely rob us of all the rest! Did not this Corsair carry us to cape de Matapan, to Milo, to Nicaria, to Samos, to Petra, to the Dardanel, to Marmora, to Scutari? Cunegund and the old woman are servants to the prince I now mentioned to you; and as for myself, I am slave to the dethroned sultan. What a chain of shocking calamities! cried Candid. But after all, I have some diamonds left, and I can easily pay Cunegund's ransom. Yet it is pity she is grown so ugly.

Then

Then turning towards Martin, Who do you think, says he, is most to be pitied, the emperor Achmet, the emperor Ivan, king Charles-Edward, or I? How should I know! answered Martin; I must see into your breasts, to be able to tell. Ah! said Candid, if Pangloss was here, he could resolve the question. I know not, said Martin, in what sort of scales your Pangloss would weigh the misfortunes of mankind, and set a just estimate on their sorrows. All that I can venture to say, is, that there are millions of people upon earth, whose case is harder a hundred times, than that of king Charles-Edward, the emperor Ivan, or the sultan Achmet. That may be, said Candid.

In a few days they reached the Bosphorus, and Candid began with paying a very high ransom for Cacambo: then without losing time, he and his companions went on board a galley, in order to search for his Cunegund, on the banks of the Propontis, notwithstanding her deformity.

Among the crew, there were two slaves who rowed very ill, and to whose bare shoulders the captain would now and then apply a bull's pizzle. Candid, from a natural sympathy, looked at these two slaves more attentively than at any of the rest, and drew towards them with an eye of pity. Their features, though greatly disfigured, seemed to resemble those of Pangloss, and the unhappy Jesuit and Westphalian baron, brother of miss Cunegund. This idea made him melancholy. He looked at them again more attentively. Indeed, said he to Cacambo, if I had



had not been present when master Pangloss was hanged, and if I had not been so unfortunate as to kill the baron myself, I should think it was they that were rowing.

Upon mentioning the name of the baron and Pangloss, the two galley-slaves gave a loud shriek, sat still without rowing, and let drop their oars. The captain ran up to them, and applied the bull's pizzle harder than ever. Hold your hand, hold your hand, sir, cried Candid, I will give you what money you please. Lord! it is Candid! said one of the slaves: Lord! it is Candid! said the other. Do I dream? said Candid; am I awake? or am I on board a galley? is this the baron, whom I killed? is this master Pangloss, whom I saw hanged?

It is we, it is we, answered they. Well! is this the great philosopher? said Martin. Harkee, captain, said Candid, what ransom will you take for master Thunder-ten-tronckh, one of the principal barons of the empire; and for master Pangloss, the profoundest metaphysician in Germany? You Christian dog, answered the captain, since these two dogs of Christian slaves are barons and metaphysicians, who I make no doubt are of high rank in their own country, you shall give me fifty thousand sequins. You shall have them, sir; carry me back this minute to Constantinople, and you shall receive the money directly. No, carry me first to miss Cunegund. But upon the first proposal

posál made by Candid, the captain had already tacked about, and he made the crew ply their oars quicker than a bird cleaves the air.

Candid embraced the baron and Pangloss a hundred times. And how happened it, my dear baron, that I did not kill you? and my dear Pangloss, how came you to life again, after being hanged? and what has made both of you slaves on board a Turkish galley? And is it true that my dear sister is in this country? said the baron. Yes, answered Cacambo. Then I behold once more my dear Candid, cried Pangloss. Candid presented Martin and Cacambo to them; they embraced each other, and all spoke at the same time. The galley flew like lightning, and now they were got back to the port. Instantly Candid sent for a Jew, to whom he sold for fifty thousand sequins, a diamond worth a hundred thousand; though the fellow swore to him by Abraham, that he could give him no more. He immediately laid down the ransom for the baron and for Pangloss. The latter threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, and bathed them with his tears; the former thanked him with a nod, and promised to return him the money the first opportunity. But is it possible, said he, that my sister should be in Turkey? Nothing is more possible, answered Cacambo, for she scours the dishes in the house of a Transylvanian prince. Candid sent directly for two Jews, and sold them some more diamonds; and then they all set out together in another galley, to deliver Cunegund from slavery.



## CHAP. XXVIII.

*What happened to Candid, Cunegund, Pangloss, and Martin, &c.*

**I** Ask your pardon once more, said Candid to the baron; your pardon, reverend father, for running you through the body. Say no more about it, answered the baron, I was a little too hasty I own; but since you want to know by what accident I came to be a galley-slave, I will inform you. After I had been cured of the wound you gave me, by the college apothecary, I was attacked and carried off by a party of Spanish troops, who confined me in prison at Buenos-Ayres, at the very time my sister was setting out from thence. I asked leave to return to Rome to the general of my order, who appointed me chaplain to the French ambassador at Constantinople. I had not been eight days in this employment, when one evening I met with a young Ichoglan, who was a very handsome fellow. The weather was warm, the young man wanted to bathe, and I took this opportunity to bathe also. I did not know it was a crime for a Christian to be found naked in company with a young Musfulman. I was carried before a cadí, who ordered me a hundred bastinados, and condemned me to the galleys. I do not think there ever was a greater act of injustice. But I should be glad to know in what manner my sister came to be scullion to a Transylvanian

Transylvanian prince, who has taken shelter among the Turks !

But as for you, my dear Pangloss, said Candid, by what miracle do I behold you again ? It is true, said Pangloss, you saw me hanged : I should naturally have been burnt ; but you may remember it rained exceeding hard, when they were going to roast me : the storm was so violent, that they despaired of lighting the fire ; so I was hanged, because they could do no better. A surgeon purchased my body, carried it home, and dissected me. He began with making a crucial incision from the navel to the clavicle. It is impossible for a man to have been hanged in a more scurvy manner than I was. The executioner of the holy inquisition was a sub-deacon, and knew how to burn people very well, but he was not accustomed to hanging ; the cord being wet and not slipping properly, the noose was ill tied ; in short, I continued to breathe, when the crucial incision made me to scream to such a degree, that my surgeon fell flat upon his back, and imagining he had been dissecting the devil, he ran away, and in his fright tumbled down stairs. His wife hearing the noise, flew from the next room, but seeing me stretched upon the table, she was seized with a greater trepidation than her husband, and betaking herself to flight, she tumbled over him. When they came to themselves, I heard the wife say to her husband, My dear, how could you take it into your head to dissect a heretic ?

M

Don't



Don't you know that those people have always the devil in their bodies? I'll go and fetch a priest this minute to exorcise him. At this proposal I shuddered, and mustering up what little strength I had still remaining, I cried out, Have pity on me! At length the Portuguese barber took heart, and sowed up my wound; the wife nursed me; and I was upon my legs again in fifteen days. The barber got me to be lackey to a knight of Malta, who was going to Venice; but finding my master had no money to pay me my wages, I entered the service of a Venetian merchant, and went with him to Constantinople.

One day I took it into my head to enter a mosque, where I saw only an old Iman, and a very pretty young devotee, who was saying her beads: her neck was uncovered, and in her bosom she had a beautiful nosegay of tulips, roses, anemones, ranunculuses, hyacinths, and auriculas: she let drop her nosegay; I took it up immediately, and presented it to her with the most profound reverence. I was so long in delivering it, that the Iman began to be angry; and seeing I was a Christian, he cried out for help. They carried me before the cadi, who ordered me to receive a hundred bastinados, and sent me to the galleys. I was chained to the very same galley, and the same bench with the baron. On board this galley there were four young men from Marseilles, five Neapolitan priests, and two monks of Corfu, who told us that the like

adventures happened daily. The baron pretended that he had undergone a more unjust treatment than myself; and I insisted, that it was far more innocent to take up a nosegay, and put it again into a woman's bosom, than to be found stark naked with an Ichoglan. We were continually disputing, and received twenty lashes a day with a bull's pizzle, when the concatenation of sublunary events brought you on board our galley, to ransom us from slavery.

Well, my dear Pangloss, said Candid to him, when you was hanged, dissected, whipped, and tugging at the oar, did you always think that every thing in this world happens for the best? I am still of my first opinion, answered Pangloss: for after all, I am a philosopher, and it does not become me to retract; especially as Leibnitz could never be in the wrong; and besides, the pre-established harmony is the finest thing in the world, and so is the *plenum* and *materia subtilis*.



*How Candid found Cunegund and the old woman again.*

WHILE Candid, the baron, Pangloss, Martin, and Cacambo, were relating their several adventures, and reasoning on the contingent or non-contingent events of the universe; on effects and their causes; on moral and physical evil; on liberty and necessity, and on the comforts a slave may feel on board a Turkish galley, they arrived at the house of the Transylvanian prince on the banks of the Propontis. The first thing they saw was Cunegund and the old woman, who were hanging out some table-linen to dry.

The baron grew pale at this sight. Even Candid, the tender lover, upon seeing his fair Cunegund thus changed into a tawny Moor, with bleary eyes, withered neck, wrinkled face, and red scaly arms, was greatly shocked, and drew back; but advanced towards her afterwards out of good manners. She embraced Candid and her brother; they embraced the old woman; and Candid ransomed them both.

There was a small farm in the neighbourhood, which the old woman proposed to Candid to make a shift with, till the company could be provided for in a better manner. Cunegund did not know she was grown ugly, for nobody had told her of it: and now she reminded Candid of his promise in so positive a tone, that the good man durst not refuse her.

her. He therefore intimated to the baron, that he would shortly marry his sister. I will not suffer, said the baron, such meanness on her part, and such insolence on yours: it shall never be said to me by way of reproach, that my nephews are not qualified for the first ecclesiastical dignities in Germany. No; my sister shall never marry any person lower than a baron of the empire. Cunegund flung herself at his feet, and bedewed them with her tears; still he was inflexible. Thou foolish fellow, said Candid, I have delivered thee out of the galleys, I have paid thy ransom, and thy sister's also; she was a scullion, and is very ugly; yet I am so condescending as to marry her; and dost thou pretend to oppose the match? I should kill thee again, were I only to consult my anger. Thou may'st kill me again, said the baron, but thou shalt not marry my sister, at least while I am living.



CANDID in his own mind had no great desire to marry Cunegund. But the extreme impertinence of the baron determined him to conclude the match ; and Cunegund on the other hand pressed him so hard, that he could not go back from his word. However, he consulted Pangloss, Martin, and the faithful Cacambo. Pangloss drew up an excellent memorial, wherein he proved that the baron had no right over his sister, and that, according to the laws of the empire, she might marry Candid with her left hand. Martin was for throwing the baron into the sea : Cacambo determined it would be better to deliver him up again to the captain of the galley, with directions to send him by the first ship to the general of the order at Rome. The advice was well received, the old woman approved of it ; they said not a word to his sister ; the thing was executed for a little money, and they had the pleasure of outwitting a Jesuit, and punishing the pride of a German baron.

It is natural to imagine, that Candid, after such vicissitudes of life, being now married to the woman he had long adored, and living under the same roof with the philosophers Pangloss and Martin, the prudent Cacambo, and the old woman, and especially as he had brought so many diamonds with him from the

the

the country of the ancient Incas, must have led a very happy life. But he was so greatly imposed upon by the Jews, that he had nothing left except his small farm; his wife grew uglier every day, and was withal grown intolerably peevish; the old woman was infirm, and even more fretful and ill-humoured than Cune-gund herself. Cacambo worked in the garden, and sold the produce at Constantinople; but fatigued with the drudgery, he often cursed his hard fate. Pangloss was ready to despair, because he did not make a figure in some German university. As to Martin, he was firmly persuaded that all was equally bad throughout; so that he took things patiently. Candid, Martin, and Pangloss, sometimes disputed about morality and metaphysics. They often saw under the farm windows boats full of effendis, bashaws, and cadis, who were going into banishment to Lemnos, Mitylene, or Erzerum; and they saw other cadis, bashaws, and effendis, coming to supply the place of the exiles, and afterwards exiled in their turn. They saw heads decently wrapped up in straw, which were to be presented to the sublime port. Such spectacles as these increased their disputations; and when they did not dispute, time hung so heavy upon their hands, that one day the old woman ventured to say to them: I want to know which is worse, to be ravished a hundred times by negro pirates, to have a buttock cut off, to run the gauntlet among the Bulgarians, to be whipped and hanged at an Auto-da-fé, to be dis-

sected,



sected, to be a galley-slave ; in short, to go through all the miseries that we have undergone, or to stay here and have nothing to do ? It is a very difficult question, said Candid.

This discourse gave rise to new reflections, and Martin especially concluded, that man was born to live either in a state of distracting inquietude, or of lethargic disgust. Candid did not quite agree to that, but he affirmed nothing. Pangloss owned that he had gone through a terrible deal of hardship ; but as he had once asserted that every thing went wonderfully well, he still maintained the same opinion, though he did not believe it to be true.

What helped to confirm Martin in his detestable principles, to stagger Candid more than ever, and to puzzle Pangloss, was, that one day they saw Paquette and friar Giroflée land at the farm in the greatest misery imaginable. They soon squandered their three thousand piastres, parted, were reconciled, quarrelled again, were thrown into jail, had made their escape, and friar Giroflée at length had turned Turk. Paquette continued her trade wherever she went, but made nothing of it. I foresaw it, said Martin to Candid, that your presents would soon be squandered away, and only make them more miserable. You have rolled in millions of money, you and Cacambo ; and yet you are not happier than friar Giroflée, and Paquette. Ha ! said Pangloss to Paquette, Providence has then brought you amongst us again, my poor child ! do you know that  
you

you cost me the tip of my nose, an eye, and an ear, as you may behold? What a world is this! And now this new adventure engaged them to philosophize more than ever.

In the neighbourhood lived a famous dervis, who was esteemed the best philosopher in all Turkey, and him they went to consult. Pangloss was the speaker: Master, said he, we are come to beg you will let us know for what end so strange an animal as man was formed?

What is that to you? answered the dervis; is it any business of yours? But, reverend father, said Candid, there is a horrid deal of evil in this world. What signifies it, said the dervis, whether there be good or evil? When his highness sends a ship to Egypt, does he trouble his head, whether the rats on board are at their ease or not? What then must we do? said Pangloss. Hold your tongue, answered the dervis. I was in hopes, said Pangloss, that I should reason with you a little about causes and effects, about the best of possible worlds, the origin of evil, the nature of the soul, and the pre-established harmony. At these words the dervis shut the door upon them.

During this conversation, the news was spread that two vizirs of the bench, and the muphti, had been strangled at Constantinople, and that several of their friends had been impaled. This catastrophe made a great noise for some hours. Pangloss, Candid, and Martin, returning to the little farm, saw a good looking old man taking the fresh air at his door under a bower of orange,



orange trees. Pangloss, who had as much curiosity as learning, asked the old man, what was the name of the strangled muphti? I do not know, answered the good man; and what's more, I never knew the name of any muphti, or of any vizir. I am entirely ignorant of the event you have been mentioning; I presume in general that they who meddle with the administration of public affairs, die sometimes miserably, and that they deserve it: but I never trouble my head about what is transacting at Constantinople. I content myself with sending my fruits thither, the produce of my garden, which I cultivate with my own hands. He had no sooner said these words, than he invited the strangers into his house: his two sons and two daughters presented them with several sorts of sherbets, which they made themselves, besides Caymac enriched with the peels of candied citrons, oranges, lemons, ananas, pistachio nuts, and Mocho coffee, unadulterated with the bad coffee of Batavia, or the American islands. After which the two daughters of the honest Mussulman perfumed the strangers beards.

You must have a very large estate, said Candid to the Turk: I have no more than twenty acres of land, answered the old man; I cultivate the whole myself, with the help of my children; and our labour preserves us from three great evils, idleness, vice, and want.

Candid in his way home made profound reflections on the old man's conversation. This honest Turk, said

said he to Pangloss and Martin, seems to be in a situation preferable to that of the six kings, with whom we had the honour of supping. Human grandeur, said Pangloss, is extremely precarious, according to the testimony of philosophers. For, in short, Eglon king of Moab was assassinated by Ehud; Absalom was hanged by the hair of the head, and pierced through with three darts. King Nadab, the son of Jeroboam, was killed by Baasa; king Ela by Zimri; Ahaziah by Jehu; Athaliah by Jehoiada; the kings Jehoiakim, Jeconiah, and Zedekiah, were led into captivity. You know what was the fate of Croesus, Astyages, Darius, Dionysius of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perſes, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Ariovistus, Cæsar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II. of England, Edward II. Henry VI. Richard III. Mary Queen of Scots, Charles I. the three Henries of France, the emperor Henry IVth? You know . . . . I know also, said Candid, that we must take care of our garden: you are in the right, said Pangloss; for when our first parent was placed in the garden of Eden, he was put there *ut operaretur eum, to dress it and to keep it*; which shews that man was not born to be idle. Let us work, said Martin, without disputing, it is the only way to render life tolerable.

Hereupon the whole society entered into this laudable design, according to their different abilities. Their little piece of ground produced them a plentiful crop. Cunegund indeed was very ugly, but she became



came an excellent pastry-cook, while Paquette worked at her needle, and the old woman looked after the linen. They were all, not excepting friar Giroflée, of some service or other; for he made a good carpenter, and became a very honest man. Pangloss used sometimes to say to Candid, There is a concatenation of events in this best of all possible worlds; for if you had not been kicked out of a magnificent castle, on account of miss Cunegund; if you had not been thrown into the inquisition; if you had not rambled all over America on foot; if you had not run the baron through the body; if you had not lost all your fine sheep of Eldorado, you would not be here to eat preserved citrons and pistachio nuts. All that is very well, answered Candid, but let us take care of our garden.

I N I S.

CANDID:

O R,

All for the Best.

*Translated from the French of*

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

PART II.



L O N D O N:

Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. de HONDT, at  
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CANDID:

All for the Bell.

M. J. VOTAW

PART II

LONDON:

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MDCCLXXII

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## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

**R**EADER, if peradventure thou art a man of true taste, sound judgment and choice reading, thou wilt easily perceive this to be the work of Mons. VOLTAIRE, or of a writer of equal abilities, notwithstanding the opinion of some pretended criticks; who without wit, without talents, without learning, without humour, without taste, and without judgment, presume to speak decisively concerning works of genius. If thou hast read the French original of this second part, thou wilt confess it to be in no wise inferior to the first; that the language is as elegant, the satire as keen, and the humour equally original: But if thou art such an ass as to perceive in it neither style,



## ADVERTISEMENT.

fatire nor humour, thou art a dull animal, and I should be glad to hear thee rank the original with common romances, and the translation with common translations.

*N. B.* Geographers tell us that the Propontis is a sea; but if the author chuses to make a country of it, what's that to me, as a translator.

CON-

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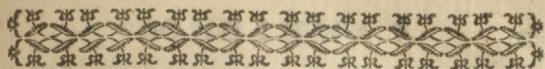
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CANDID



# C A N D I D :

O R,

## All for the Best.



### P A R T II.



#### C H A P. I.

*How Candide was separated from his company, and  
what was the consequence.*

**W**E naturally in time grow weary of every thing in the world : riches become burthenfome to the poffeffor ; ambition, when gratified, leaves nothing behind but regret ; the delights of love lofe all their relifh ; and Candide, who was born to experience all the viciffitudes of fortune, foon grew weary of cultivating his garden. My dear Panglofs, fays he, if it be true that this is the beft of all poffible worlds, you will at leaft confeff, that it is not enjoying a due proportion of poffible happinefs,

B

to



to live unknown in a remote corner of Pro-  
pontis with no other support than the labour of  
my body; no other pleasure than that which I  
receive from Cunegund, who is very ugly, and  
who is my wife, which is worst of all; no other  
company than yourself, of whom I am often  
tired; or that of Martin, who makes me low  
spirited; or that of friar Girofflèe, who is but lately  
become honest; or that of Paquette, which you  
know is dangerous; or that of the old woman,  
who has but one buttock, and who puts one to  
sleep with her long stories.

To which Pangloss thus replied: Philosophy  
informs us, that the *monades*, which are divisible  
*ad infinitum*, disposing themselves with wonder-  
ful intelligence, form the different bodies which  
we observe in nature. The heavenly bodies are  
exactly such as they ought to be; they are pla-  
ced in their proper situations; they describe the  
curves which they ought to describe; man fol-  
lows the inclinations which he ought to follow,  
he is what he ought to be, he does what he  
ought to do. You, O Candide! complain, be-  
cause the *monade* of your soul is weary of its  
situation: but this weariness is a modification of  
the soul, and does not by any means prove that  
all is not for the best, both with regard to you  
and

and the rest of mankind. When you beheld me covered with ulcers I did not at all relax in my opinion; for if Miss Paquette had not given me a taste both of love and its poison, I should not have met you in Holland; I should not have been the cause of James the Anabaptist's doing a meritorious act; I should not have been hanged at Lisbon for the edification of my fellow creatures; I should not now be here to support you by my advice, and encourage you to live and die in the opinions of Leibnitz. Yes, my dear Candid, there is a concatenation of events which are necessarily attached to each other in this best of all possible worlds. It is indispensably necessary that a citizen of Montauban should instruct kings; that the worm of Kimper Corentin should criticise, criticise, criticise; that the impeacher of philosophers should be crucified in the street of St. Denis; that an understrapper of the Recollects, and the Archdeacon of St. Malos should distill rancour and calumny in their Christian journals; that philosophy should be accused at the tribunal of Melpomene; and that philosophers should continue to enlighten mankind, notwithstanding the the increase of ridiculous brutes who grovel in the mire of literature; and though you were to



be kicked out of the finest castle in the world, forced again to learn the exercise of the Bulgarians, and to run the gauntlet a second time; to be obliged once more to suffer the filthy effects of the zeal of a Dutch frow; to be cruelly scourged by the holy inquisition at Lisbon; to run the same risk among *Los Padres*, and the French; in short, were you to experience every possible calamity, even without understanding Leibnitz better than I myself, you would still maintain, that all is for the best, that the *plenum*, *materia subtilis*, pre-established harmony, and *monades*, are the prettiest things in the world, and that Leibnitz is a great man, even to those who do not comprehend his meaning.

To this fine discourse, Candid (who was the mildest creature in the world, notwithstanding his having killed three men, two of whom were priests) made no reply; but, weary of the Doctor and his company, the next morning by break of day, a white sapling in his hand, he beat his march, without knowing whither, in quest of some place where life was no burthen, and where men were not men, as in the good country of Eldorado.

Candid,

Candid, less unhappy since his affection for Cunigund was entirely vanished, was beholden for subsistence to people of various nations, who are not Christians, but are nevertheless charitable. He arrived, after a very long and difficult march, at Tauris, on the confines of Persia, a city famous for having been alternately the scene of Turkish and Persian cruelty.

Candid, ematiated with fatigue, and clad with little more raiment than was barely sufficient to conceal that which is man's peculiar distinction, and which man nevertheless calls his shame, began to doubt the opinions of Pangloss, when a Persian accosting him in the most polite manner, intreated him to enoble his house by his presence. You banter me, said Candid; I am a poor devil, who have quitted a miserable habitation in Propontis, because I married Cunegund, who is grown ugly, and because I grew weary of her: in truth, I am not worthy to enoble the house of any one, for I myself am not noble, heaven be praised! If I were, Baron Thunder-Ton-Trouckh should have paid dearly for the kicks upon my breech with which he was pleased to honour me, or I should have died with shame; which, however,



would have been philosophical enough: besides, I have been most ignominiously scourged by the hand of the executioner to the holy inquisition, as also by two thousand heroes at two pence three farthings per day. Give me what you please, but don't insult my misery by your jokes, which do but destroy the merit of your benevolence. My Lord, replied the Persian, you may be a beggar, and indeed that seems pretty evident; but my religion obliges me to hospitality: it is sufficient that you are a man, and unhappy, to make the apple of my eye your footstool; deign to enoble my house with your radiant presence. I am entirely at your service, said Candid. Walk in then, replied the Persian. They entered the house, and Candid was astonished at the respectful civility of his host. The slaves anticipated his wants, and the whole house seemed employed only to serve and amuse him. If this continues, said Candid to himself, things are not quite so bad in this country. Three days passed, and the civilities of the Persian were not yet relaxed: Candid now exclaimed, O Pangloss, I was always of opinion that you were in the right, for you are a great philosopher!

## C H A P. II.

*What happened to Candid in this House, and how  
he came to leave it.*

CANDID being well fed, well clothed, and feeling no discontent, soon grew as ruddy, fresh, and handsome as he was in Westphalia. Ishmael Rahab, his host, perceived the change with pleasure: this man was six foot high; he had a pair of little eyes extremely red, and a large nose full of carbuncles, which sufficiently proclaimed his frequent infraction of the law of Mahomet. His whiskers were famous throughout all the province, and it was the first wish of every mother that her son might have just such whiskers. Rahab had wives, because he was rich; but he thought, as many Eastern people are but too apt to think, as well as some of the universities in Europe. Your excellence is more beautiful than the stars, said the artful Persian, one day, to our unsuspecting hero, gently stroking him under the chin: Your charms must have captivated many hearts; you were born to give and to enjoy happiness. Alas! replied Candid, I was but half happy behind the



skreen, for I was far from being at my ease. Cunegund was then handsome. ——— Cunegund, poor innocent! Follow me, my Lord, said the Persian; and Candid followed him.

They came to a most enchanting inclosure at the bottom of a wood, where silence and voluptuousness seemed to reign. There, Ishmael Rahab, tenderly embracing Candid, in few words declared a passion for him like that which the beautiful Alexis so feelingly describes in the Georgics of Virgil. Candid was unable to recover from his astonishment. No, cried he, I will never submit to such infamy! What a strange cause, and what a shocking effect! I had rather suffer death. Thou shalt die then, said the furious Ishmael. How! Christian dog, because I very politely meant to give thee pleasure! ——— Resolve to satisfy me, or to endure the most cruel death. Candid did not long hesitate. The Persian's powerful arguments were sufficient to make him tremble; but he feared death like a philosopher.

Custom soon reconciles us to any thing. Candid, well fed, well instructed, though confined, was not absolutely dissatisfied with his situation.

Good

Good living, and the various entertainments exhibited by the slaves of Ishmael, gave some intermission to his griefs; he was unhappy only when he reflected; and so are the greatest part of mankind.

About this time one of the chief supports of the church militant of Persia, the most learned of all the Mahometan doctors, who understood Arabic at his fingers ends, and even the Greek which is at this day spoken in the country of Demosthenes and Sophocles, the Rev. Ed. Jvan-Baal-Denk, returned from Constantinople, where he had been disputing with the Rev. Mamoud-Abram, on a very delicate point of doctrine, namely, Whether the prophet had plucked the quill, with which he wrote the Alcoran, out of the wing of the angel Gabriel, or whether Gabriel had presented it to him? They had disputed, during three days and three nights, with a zeal worthy of the ages most renowned for controversy, when the Doctor returned persuaded like all the disciples of Ali, that Mahomet had plucked the quill; and Mamoud-Abram remained convinced, like the rest of the sect of Omar, that the prophet was incapable of such a piece of rudeness, and that the angel presented it



to him with the most becoming grace imaginable.

It was reported, that there had been at Constantinople, a kind of free-thinker, who had insinuated, that it was proper to inquire into the truth of the Alcoran's having been actually written with a quill taken from the angel Gabriel; but he was stoned.

Candid's arrival made a great noise in Tauris: several persons who had heard of contingent effects, and effects not contingent, began to doubt of his being a philosopher. They mentioned it to the Rev. Ed-Jvan-Baal-Denk; he was curious to see him, and Rahab, who could not refuse a person of his consideration, ordered Candid into his presence. He seemed intirely satisfied with Candid's manner of reasoning on physical and moral evil, on things active and passive. I understand you are a philosopher, and that is sufficient, said the venerable Cenobite: it is very improper that so great a man as you are should be treated unworthily, which I am informed is the case. You are a stranger, Ishmael Rahab has no right over you. I will take you to court, where you will meet with a favourable reception; the Sophi is fond  
of

of the sciences. Ishmael, deliver this young philosopher into my hands, or you will incur the displeasure of your prince, and draw upon you the vengeance of heaven, but more especially of its ministers. These last words terrified the intrepid Persian; he consented to every thing, and Candid blessing heaven and the priesthood, set out for Tauris that very day with the Mahometan doctor. They took the road to Isphan, where they arrived amidst the blessings and acclamations of the people.



### CHAP. III.

*Candid's reception at Court, and what followed.*

THE Rev. Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk made no delay in presenting Candid to the king. His Majesty took a singular pleasure in listening to his discourse, and placed him among the learned men of his court; but these learned men treated him as an ignorant fool, and an idiot, which very much contributed to persuade his Majesty that he was a great man. Because, said he to them, you cannot comprehend Candid's



arguments, you affront him; but for my part, though I understand them no better than you, I assure you that he is a great philosopher; I swear it by my whiskers. These words imposed silence on the learned.

Candid was lodged in the palace, and allowed slaves for his service; he was cloathed in a magnificent suit, and the Sophi commanded that, let him say what he would, no one should dare to prove him in the wrong. His Majesty did not stop here. The venerable priest ceased not to importune him in favour of Candid, and he resolved, at last, to rank him with his most intimate favourites.

God be praised and our holy prophet, said the Iman, addressing Candid, I have brought you a most agreeable piece of intelligence: how happy are you, my dear Candid! How will you be envied! You will swim in opulence; you may aspire to the most illustrious employments of the empire. Forget me not, however, my dear friend; remember that you are obliged to me for the favours with which you will soon be honoured. The king will bestow upon you a kindness which is greatly esteemed, and you will shortly exhibit an entertainment  
which

which the court has not enjoyed this two years. And pray, what are the honours designed me by the prince? said Candid. This very day, replied the priest, quite delighted, you will receive fifty strokes upon the soles of your feet, with a bull's pizzle, in the presence of his Majesty: The eunuchs who are to perfume you, will be here immediately; prepare to support, with becoming resolution, this little trial, and make yourself worthy of the king of kings. Let the king of kings keep his favours, cried Candid, if, to deserve them, I must receive fifty strokes with a bull's pizzle. 'Tis his custom, replied the doctor coldly, with those on whom he would bestow his favours. I esteem you too much to report your reluctance, and I will make you happy in spite of yourself.

They had scarce done speaking when the eunuchs entered, preceded by the executor of his Majesty's minute pleasures, who was one of the tallest and most robust lords of the court. Candid would rather have been excused; but in spite of all he could say or do, they perfumed his legs and feet according to custom. Four eunuchs conducted him to the place appointed for the ceremony, in the midst of a double rank of  
sol-



soldiers, to the sound of musical instruments, cannon, and the ringing of bells. The Sophi was already there, attended by his principal officers, and the most intelligent of his courtiers. Candid was stretched in a moment on a gilded bench, and the executor of the minute pleasures was preparing to enter upon his office. O Pangloss, Pangloss, if you were here!—said Candid, crying and weeping with all his might, which would have been thought very indecent if the priest had not asserted, that his favourite behaved in this manner, only to give his Majesty more entertainment. In truth, this great king laughed most immoderately; he was so pleased with the sight, that when the fifty strokes were given, he ordered fifty more. But his prime-minister having represented, with uncommon boldness, that this favour, conferred on a stranger, might alienate the hearts of his subjects, he revoked his order, and Candid was remanded back to his apartment.

They put him to bed, having bathed his feet with vinegar. The nobility came, one after another, to congratulate him; even the Sophi honoured him with his presence; he not only suffered him to kiss his hand, but gave him a devilish drive

drive in the chaps with his fist. The politicians thence conjectured that his fortune was made, and what is more extraordinary, though politicians, they were not mistaken.



## C H A P. IV.

*Candid receives new favours. His elevation.*

OUR hero was no sooner recovered, than he was presented to the king, in order to express his gratitude for the favours with which he had been honoured: The monarch received him graciously; moreover he deigned to give him two or three slaps in the face during the conversation, and when he took his leave condescended to kick his a—— as he went along, even as far as the guard room: the courtiers were all ready to die with envy. Since the time his Majesty had first began to bruise his special favourites, no one had ever had the honour to be so thoroughly bruised as Candid.

Three days after this audience, our philosopher, who was ready to go mad at the favours  
he



he had received, and began to think that things went very ill, was named governor of Chufistan, with despotic power. He was decorated with a fur cap, which in Persia is a mark of high distinction. Having taken leave of the Sophi, who honoured him with the repetition of some favours, he set out for Sus, the capital of the province. From the moment Candid had appeared at court, the grandees of the empire conspired his destruction. The excessive favours which the Sophi had so lavishly bestowed on him, served only to increase the storm which was ready to burst over his head. Nevertheless, he rejoiced in his good fortune, and especially in his remote situation: his ideas anticipated the pleasures of supremacy, and he said from the bottom of his heart.

*Thrice happy they who from their sovereign dwell  
Far distant! —*

Scarcely had he travelled twenty miles from Isfahan, when on a sudden, a body of five hundred cavalry saluted him with a furious discharge of their carbines. Candid thought at first it was intended as a compliment; but a ball which shattered his leg to pieces, soon convinced him of his mistake. His people threw down their arms,

arms, and Candid, almost dead, was carried to a desolate castle. His baggage, his camels, his slaves, his white eunuchs, his black eunuchs, and thirty-six wives which the Sophi had given him for his own use, all became the spoil of the conquerors. They cut off the leg of our hero to prevent a mortification, and endeavoured to preserve his life to the intent that he might suffer a more cruel death.

O Pangloss, Pangloss! What would become of your optimism, if you now beheld me, with only one leg, in the hands of my most cruel enemies? When I had just entered the path of felicity; just made governor, or rather king, of one of the most considerable provinces of the empire of antient Medea; when I became possessed of camels, slaves, white eunuchs and black eunuchs, and thirty-six wives for my own use, and of which I had yet made no use — Thus Candid spoke when he was able to speak.

But whilst he thus bewailed his misery, fortune stood his friend. The prime minister being informed of the violence which had been committed, had dispatched a sufficient body of veterans in pursuit of the rebels; and the priest Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk, had published by means of  
other



other priests, that Candid being favoured by the priests, was consequently a favourite with God. Besides, those who were acquainted with the conspiracy, were the more impatient to discover it, since the ministers of religion had declared in the name of Mahomet, that if any one had eaten swine's flesh, drank wine, passed several days without bathing, or visited a woman at an improper time, contrary [to the express commands of the alcoran, should, upon declaring what he knew of the conspiracy, be, *ipso facto*, absolved. Candid's prison was soon discovered; it was instantly forced open, and, as religion was concerned, the vanquished were, according to rule, exterminated. Candid, marching over heaps of dead bodies, triumphed over the greatest danger he had ever yet experienced, and, together with his attendants, continued his rout towards his government, where he was received as a peculiar favourite who had been honoured with the bastinado in the presence of the king of kings.

## CHAP. V.

*As how Candid was a great prince, but not satisfied.*

Philosophy inspires men with the love of their fellow creatures: Pascal is almost the only philosopher who seems endeavouring to make us hate them. Happily Candid had never read Pascal: he loved poor humanity with all his soul. Honest men perceived his disposition: they had hitherto been kept at a distance from the Missi Dominici of Persia, but it was not difficult for them to assemble in the presence of Candid, and to assist him with their counsel. He made many wise regulations for the encouragement of agriculture, population, commerce and the arts. He rewarded those who had made useful experiments, and even those who had only written books, met with encouragement. When all my subjects are contented (said Candid to himself with the most charming candor imaginable) then possibly I may be happy: he was but little acquainted with human nature. His reputation was attacked in seditious libels, and he was calumniated in a work called *l'Ami des hommes*. He found that by endeavouring



vouring to make men happy, he did but excite their ingratitude. O, cried Candid, how difficult it is to govern these unfledged animals which vegetate on the face of the earth ! Why did I not remain on my little farm in the company of master Pangloss, Cunigund, the daughter of Pope Urban X. who has but one buttock, friar Giroflée, and the luxurious Paquette !



## C H A P. VI.

*Candid's pleasures.*

CANDID, in the extremity of his grief, wrote a most pathetic letter to the right reverend Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk, who was so exceedingly moved with the sad picture of his misery, that he persuaded the Sophi to dismiss Candid from his employment. His Majesty, in recompence for his services, granded him a very considerable pension. Thus eased of the weight of grandeur, our philosopher sought the optimism of Pangloss in the pleasures of private life. Hitherto he seemed to have lived for others,

thers, and to have forgot that he had a seraglio. He now recollected this circumstance with that emotion which the very idea of a seraglio inspires. Let all things be prepared, said he to his prime eunuch, for my entrance among my wives. My Lord, replied the squeeking gentleman, it is now that your excellence deserves the name of *wise*. Men, for whom you have done so much, were unworthy your attention; but women — It may be so, said Candid very modestly.

In the center of a garden, in which nature was assisted by art to develop her charms, stood a small fabric whose structure was simple, yet elegant, and therefore quite different from those which are seen in the suburbs of the most magnificent cities in Europe. Candid approached this temple, but not without a blush. The soft air spread a delicious fragrance round the peaceful mansion. The flowers amorously entwined, seemed guided by the instinct of pleasure; nor were they only the flowers of a day: the rose never lost its vermilion. The remote view of a shaggy rock, whence fell a rapid torrent, seemed calculated to invite the soul to that sweet melancholy which preceeds

en-



enjoyment. Candid trembling, entered the saloon, where taste and magnificence were elegantly displayed; a secret charm thrilled through every sense. He beholds, breathing upon the canvas, the youthful Telemachus in the midst of the nymphs of Calipso's court. He then turns his eyes to a half naked Diana flying into the arms of Endymion. But his agitation increased, when he beheld a Venus faithfully copied from that of Italy. All at once he is struck with the sound of divine music; a number of young Circassian women appear covered with their veils; they form around him a dance agreeably imagined, and more veritable than those which are exhibited upon the stage after the death of your Cæsars, and your Pomies.

At a certain signal, their veils dropt: their expressive features add new life to the entertainment: they practice every bewitching attitude, but without any apparent design: one by her leering eyes expressed a boundless passion; another in a soft languor seemed to expect pleasure without seeking it; a third bends forward, but raised herself immediately so as to afford a transient glance at those ravishing charms, which at Paris the fair sex so profusely display; a fourth  
carelessly

carelessly throws back the skirt of her robe and discovers a leg, which of itself was sufficient to enflame a man of delicacy. The dance ceases, and the beauties stand motionless.

The silence brings Candid to himself. The phrenzey of love takes possession of his soul. He gazes with inexpressible avidity. He kisses their white hands, and ventures to touch their still whiter necks.

Our philosopher contemplates with attention one of a more delicate shape and majestic deportment than the rest; but throws his handkerchief to a young nymph whose languishing eyes seemed peculiarly to court his affection, and whose beauty was improved by her blushes. The eunuch instantly opened the door of an apartment which was consecrated to the mysteries of love. The lovers entered, and the eunuch said to his master: You are now going to be happy. Oh, replied Candid, I hope I am.

The cieling and the walls of this delightful chamber were covered with mirrors, and in the middle stood a couch of black satin: here he seated the fair Circassian, and began to undress  
her



her with inconceivable alertness. The good creature did not interrupt him, except to express her affection by her kisses. O, my Lord, said she, like a true Mahometan, how happy you have made your slave! How you honour her by your transports! These few words charmed our philosopher. He was lost in extacy, and every thing he beheld was entirely new to him. What difference between Cunigund grown ugly, and violated by Bulgarian heroes, and a young Circassian of eighteen, who was never ravished! This was the first time that poor Candid had tasted pleasure. The objects which he devoured were repeated in the glass. Which way soever he turned his eyes, he saw the black satin contrasted with the whitest skin in the universe. He beheld —but I am obliged to comply with the false delicacy of our language. Let it suffice to say, that our philosopher was completely happy.

O master, my dear master Pangloss! cried Candid quite enrapt, all is full as well here as in Eldorado; nothing but a fine woman can satisfy the desires of man. I am as happy as it is possible to be. Leibnitz is in the right, and you are a great philosopher: for instance, I make no doubt but you, my lovely angel, are in-

inclined towards optimism, as you have always been happy. Alas! replied the lovely angel, I know not what you mean by optimism; but your slave was never happy before to day. If my Lord will deign to hear me, I will convince him of this by a concise relation of my adventures. With all my heart, said Candid: I am in a proper state of tranquility to listen to a story: and so the charming slave began her tale, as in the following chapter.



## CHAP VII.

### *The History of Zirza.*

MY father was a Christian, and I also am a Christian, as he told me. He lived in a little hermitage in the neighbourhood of Cotatis, where he attracted the veneration of the faithful, by his fervent devotion, and an austerity of manners, which was shocking to human nature. The women came in crowds to pay him homage, and took a singular pleasure in kissing his backside, which was every day gored with stripes of discipline. I certainly owe my  
C
being



being to one of the most devout of them. I was brought up in a subterraneous cave near my father's cell. I was twelve years old, without having once issued from this tomb, as I may call it, when the earth trembled, with a terrible noise: the vault, where I lay, sunk down, and I was with difficulty taken from under the rubbish. I was half dead when, for the first time in my life, my eyes were struck with the light of day. My father took me into his hermitage as a predestined child: the whole affair appeared strange to the people. My father cried out a miracle, and the people joined in the cry.

I was named Zirza, which in the Persian language signifies, *child of providence*. It was not long before the beauty of your poor slave excited the curiosity of the public. The women began to visit the hermitage less frequently, and the men much oftner. One of them said he loved me. Wicked wretch, cried my father, art thou qualified to love her? She is a treasure which God hath committed to my care: he appeared to me last night in the figure of a venerable hermit, and commanded me not to part with her for less than two thousand crowns. Be gone, vile beggar, lest thy impure breath should contaminate her charms.

charms. I confess, answered the youth, that I have only a heart to offer her; but, monster, art thou not ashamed to prostitute the name of the Deity to thy avarice? With what face, wretch as thou art, dost thou dare to assert that God spake to thee? 'Tis degrading the Almighty to represent him conversing with men like thee. O blasphemy! cried my father in a violent passion: God himself commanded that blasphemers should be stoned. Saying these words, he murdered my unhappy lover, and his blood spurted in my face. Now, though I was yet unacquainted with love, I found myself so far interested in the fate of my lover, that the sight of my father became insupportable to me. I resolved to leave him: he perceived my design. Ungrateful girl, said he, 'tis to me thou art indebted for thy being; thou art my daughter, and yet thou hatest me! but thou shalt no longer hate me without cause. He kept his word but too religiously. During five sad years which I passed in tears and groans, neither my youth nor faded beauty had power to relax his severity. Sometimes he would thrust a thousand pins into every part of my body: then with his discipline he would cover my backside with blood. That gave you less pain than



the pins, said Candid. True, my Lord, replied Zirza. At last, however, I found means to escape, and not daring to confide in any man, I hid myself in the woods. Three days I spent without food, and should certainly have died of hunger, but for a tyger to whom I had the good fortune to be agreeable, and who was kind enough to divide his prey with me. But I was often dreadfully frightened by this terrible animal: the brute had once like to have ravished from me the flower, the plucking of which has given your Lordship so much pain, and pleasure. My food gave me the scurvy: but I was no sooner cured than I followed a slave-merchant who was travelling to Teflis, where the plague then raged, and I soon became infected. These misfortunes however had so little affected my charms, that the purveyor of the court thought fit to purchase me for your use. 'Tis now three months that I have languished among the rest of your wives: we all began to imagine ourselves despised. O, Sir, if you did but know how disagreeable and improper these eunuchs are to console neglected girls! In short, I have not yet lived eighteen years, twelve of which I passed in a dungeon; I have felt an earthquake; I was sprinkled with the blood of the  
first

first amiable man I had seen; during five whole years I endured the most cruel torture; I have had the scurvy and the plague. Pining in the midst of a company of black and white monsters, still preserving that which I had saved from the fury of a tyger, and cursing my destiny, I spent three long months in this seraglio, and should most certainly have died of the green sickness, if your excellence had not honoured me with your embraces.

O heavens! said Candid, is it possible at your age to have experienced such sad misfortunes? What would Pangloss say if he could hear your story? But your misfortunes are at an end as well as mine. Things are not now so bad; do you think they are? Saying these words he renewed his caresses, and became more and more confirmed in the opinions of Pangloss.



## CHAP. VIII.

*Candid's disgust. A meeting which he did not expect.*

OUR philosopher, in the midst of his seraglio, distributed his favours with tolerable impartiality: he enjoyed the pleasure of variety, and returned with fresh ardor to the *child of providence*. But this did not continue long. He now began to feel violent pains in his loins, and was also frequently afflicted with the cholic. In being happy he became emaciated. Zirza's neck appeared neither so white nor so admirably turned; her shape lost half its delicacy; her eyes, in the eyes of Candid, seemed less sparkling; her complexion appeared less beautiful, and the ravishing vermilion of her lips seemed quite faded. He perceived that she did not walk well, and was not entirely satisfied with her breath. He also discovered a mole where he had conceived no blemish. The impetuosity of her passion became troublesome. In his other wives he coolly observed many defects, which, during his first transports, had escaped his notice: their lewdness grew offensive. He  
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was ashamed at having trod in the steps of the wisest of men, *et invenit amariorem morte mulierem.*

Candid, still firm in his Christian sentiments, fauntered for want of employment in the streets of Sus; where, to his great surprize, a gentleman richly dress'd, caught him in his arms calling him by his name. Is it possible, said Candid, bless my spirit! It cannot be --- yet there is so striking a resemblance — Abbé Perigourdin — 'Tis even so, replied Perigourdin. Candid stepped back three paces, and ingenuously said, but are you happy, my dear Sir? A fine question truly answered Perigourdin: the little trick which I put upon you at Paris served only to establish my credit. The *police* employed me a while; but disagreeing with them at last, I threw off the ecclesiastical habit, which was of no longer use to me, and went over to England, where those of my profession are better paid. I revealed all that I knew, and all that I did not know, of the strength and weakness of the country I had quitted. I swore that the French were a rascally people, and that London was the only magazine of good sense; in short, I made a considerable fortune, and am come hither to negotiate a treaty at the court of Persia, in which the Sophi is bound to exterminate



every European who shall enter his dominions in search of cotton or silk, to the prejudice of the English. The object of your embassy, said our philosopher, is doubtless very commendable ; but, Sir, you are a great rascal : I dont like villany, and I have some interest at court : tremble, therefore, for your prosperity is at an end ; you will soon feel the punishment due to your crimes. O most noble Lord Candid, said Perigourdin, falling on his knees, have mercy on me : I am driven to wickedness by an irresistible impulse, in the same manner as you are impelled to virtue. I perceived this fatal inclination the moment I was acquainted with Mr. Valsp, and became a writer in the *Feuilles* — —  
\* Feuilles, cries Candid, what are those ? They are, replied Perigourdin, certain pamphlets of seventy pages, in which the public are periodically entertained with scandal, satire, and billingsgate. 'Tis an honest man, who having learnt to read and write, and not being able to continue Jesuite so long as he could have wished, set about this pretty little performance, in order to buy lace for his wife, and bring up his children in the fear of God. There are also a set of *honest gentlemen* who for a few pence, and now

\* Published at Paris.

and

and then a gill of bad wine, assist the other *honest* man in carrying on his work. This Monsieur Valsp is a member of an extraordinary club, whose chief amusement is to make a few drunken people deny their God; or to assist some poor fool in spending his fortune, break his furniture, and then send him a challenge: these are no more than little gentilities, which these gentlemen call *mistifications*, and which nevertheless merit the notice of the *police*. In short, this very honest Monsieur Valsp, who denies his ever having been sent to the galleys, is blessed with a lethargy which renders him insensible to the severest truth; and 'tis impossible to rouse him but by certain violent means, which he endures with a magnanimity and resignation beyond all belief. I laboured some time under this celebrated author; I became famous in my turn, and had just left Monsieur Valsp, with an intention to begin for myself, when I had the honour to pay my respects to you at Paris——You are a vile rogue, said Candid; but your sincerity moves me. Go directly to court, and present yourself to the right Reverend Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk: I will write to him in your favour, on condition that you promise to become an honest man, and



that you do not insist on having thousands of people murdered, for the sake of a little silk and cotton. Perigourdin promised all that Candid desired him to promise, and they parted friends.



## C H A P. IX.

*Candid's disgrace, travels and adventures.*

PERIGOURDIN was no sooner arrived at court, than he used all his art to gain the minister and ruin his benefactor. He reported that Candid was a traitor, and that he had spoken disrespectfully of the sacred whiskers of the king of kings. It was the general opinion of the courtiers that he ought to be roasted at a slow fire; but the sopher, with more humanity, was graciously pleased to condemn him only to perpetual banishment, after having kissed the soles of his accuser's feet, according to the custom of Persia. Perigourdin set out in order to put this sentence in execution: he found our philosopher in tolerable health, and almost disposed to renew his happiness. My dear friend, said the English ambassador, with the utmost regret I come to acquaint you, that you must quit this king-

kingdom with all possible expedition, and also that you must kiss the soles of my feet with sincere contrition, for the enormous crimes of which you have been guilty. — Kiss the soles of your feet ! cried Candid ; upon my word, Mr. Abbè, you carry your jokes too far : I don't comprehend you. He had scarce spoken before the mutes, which attended Perigourdin, entered the room, and immediately took off his shoes. He was then told, that he must either submit to this humiliation, or be impaled. Candid, in virtue of his free agency, kissed the Abbè's feet. They cloathed him in a robe of coarse canvass, and the hangman drove him out of the city, crying aloud, — He is a traitor ! he has spoken disrespectfully of the Sohi's whiskers, even of the whiskers of the great king !

But what was the officious Cenobite doing, whilst his favourite was thus disgraced ? I really cannot tell. Possibly he was grown weary of patronizing Candid. Who can depend on priests or princes !

In the mean time, our hero trudged sorrowfully along. I never in my life, said he to himself, spoke of the king of Persia's whiskers. I



am fallen at once from the pinnacle of fortune into the abyfs of misery, becaufe I am accused, by a wretch, who has violated all laws, of a crime which I never committed; and this fellow, this persecutor of virtue—is happy.

Candid, after several days march, found himself on the borders of Turkey. He directed his steps towards Propontis, being determined to fix there once more, and to spend the remainder of his life in cultivating his garden. In passing through a small town, he observed a multitude of people gathered together. He enquired the cause of this effect. 'Tis a very odd affair, answered an old man; you must know that, some time ago, the rich Mehemet obtained in marriage the daughter of the Janissary Zamond: he found her not a virgin, and very naturally, according to law, cut off her nose, and sent her back to her father. Zamond, enraged at the affront, as was quite natural, in the first transport of his fury, cut off the head of his disfigured daughter, at one stroke of his scimiter. His eldest son, who had a great affection for his sister, which you know is natural enough, in the violence of his passion, very naturally plunged a dagger

dagger into his father's breast; then like a lion, whose rage increases at the sight of his own blood, the young Zamond flew to the house of Mehemet, and having killed half a dozen slaves who opposed his entrance, he murdered Mehemet, his wives, and two children in the cradle; after which he put an end to his own life with the dagger yet reeking with the blood of his father, and of his enemies, which, you know, was also quite natural. ——— O horrible! cried Candid. O Master Pangloss! If these barbarities are natural, would you not confess that nature is corrupted, and that all things are not? ——— No, replied the old man; the pre-established harmony. ——— O heavens! cried Candid, am I deceived? Are you not Pangloss himself? 'Tis even so, said the old man; I knew you at first, but I had a mind to penetrate into your sentiments before I discovered myself. Come, let us reason a little upon contingent effects: let me see what progress you have made in the school of wisdom. Truly, Master Pangloss, said Candid, you time it very ill: inform me rather what is become of Cunegund, and where is Friar Gerofleè, Paquette, and the daughter



daughter of Pope Urban. I know nothing of the matter, replied Pangloss; 'tis now two years since I left our habitation in search of you. I have travelled over all Turkey, and was now going to the court of Persia, where, as I was informed, you had made your fortune. I remained in this town among these good people, only to recover a little strength in order to pursue my journey. What do I see! said Candid in astonishment. You have lost an arm, my dear Pangloss. That's nothing at all, replied Pangloss; there is nothing more common than to see people with but one eye and one arm in this best of worlds. The accident happened in my journey from Mecca. Our caravan was attacked by a troop of Arabs, and as our escort made resistance, the Arabs being strongest, according to the laws of war, massacred us all.

There perished in this affair about five hundred people, among whom were about a dozen women with child. For my part I escaped with only a cloven scull, and with the loss of an arm. You see I am still living, and have always found that every thing was for the best. But you  
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yourself, my dear Candid, how happens it that you have a wooden leg? Candid then related his adventures. Our philosophers returned to Propontis, amusing themselves as they went along with reasoning on physical and moral evil, of free-will and predestination, of *monades* and pre-established harmony.



## C H A P. X.

*The arrival of Candid and Pangloss in Propontis, what they saw there, and what became of them.*

O My dear Candid, said Pangloss, why did you grow weary of cultivating your garden? Why could not we be content with our preserved citron, and Pistachio nuts? Why were you tired of being happy? Why, because all things are necessary in the best of worlds, it was therefore requisite that you should undergo the bastinado in the presence of the king of Persia; that you should have your leg cut off to make the Sufians happy, to try the ingratitude of mankind, and to draw down punishment upon the



heads of some villains, who deserved to suffer. Thus conversing, they arrived at their old habitation. The first objects which struck their eyes, were Martin and Paquette, in the habit of slaves. Whence comes this strange metamorphose? said Candid, tenderly embracing them. Alas! they replied, sighing, you have no longer a place of abode; another is instructed with the cultivation of your garden; he eats your preserved citron and Pistachio nuts, and uses us like negroes. Who is this other? said Candid. 'Tis, said they, the general of the marine, the least humane of all human beings. The sultan, willing to reward his services, without being at any expence, confiscated all your possessions, under pretence that you were gone over to his enemy, and condemned us to slavery. Believe me, Candid, added Martin, and proceed on your journey. I have always told you, that every thing is for the worst; the sum of evil greatly exceeds the sum of good; depart, and I do not despair of your becoming a *manichean*, if you are not one already. Pangloss was going to argue in form, but Candid interrupted him by inquiring after Cunegund, the old woman, Friar Girofflèe, and of Cacambo. Cacambo is here, replied Martin;

Martin; he is now busy in cleaning the common sewer. The old woman is dead of a kick in the breast which was given her by an eunuch. Friar Girofleeè is entered among the Janissaries. Madam Cunegund is grown fat again, and has recovered her former beauty; she is in our master's seraglio. What a string of unhappy wretches! said Candid. Was it necessary that Cunegund should recover her beauty to make me a cuckold? It is of little importance, said Pangloss, whether Madam Cunegund be handsome or ugly; whether she is in your arms, or in those of another; it makes no difference in the general system: for my part, I wish her a numerous posterity. Philosophers never concern themselves by whom women have children, provided they have them at all. Population—— Alas, said Martin, philosophers had much better employ themselves in contributing to the happiness of a few individuals, than undertake to multiply the suffering species. —— While they were speaking they heard a great noise. 'Twas the general who had ordered a dozen slaves to be flogged for his amusement. Pangloss and Candid terrified, left their friends, with tears in their eyes, and hastily took the road to Constantinople.

Here



Here they found every body in an uproar, the fire began in the suburbs of Pera: it had already consumed five or six hundred houses, and two or three thousand people had perished in the flames. What a shocking disaster, cried Candid! All for the Best, said Pangloss: these little accidents happen every year. It is very natural that fire should catch wooden houses, and that those houses should burn. Besides it delivers many honest people from a miserable existence — What do I hear, said one of the officers of the sublime port? How, wretch! darest thou say 'tis all for the Best, when half Constantinople is on fire. Go, dog, curst prophet, go, receive the punishment due to thy presumption. In saying these words, he took Pangloss by the middle, and threw him headlong into the flames. Candid, half dead with fear, crept, as well as he could, into a neighbouring quarter, where things were more quiet; and what became of him we shall see in the next chapter.

## CHAP. XI.

*Candid continues his Journey; and in what capacity.*

I HAVE now no other course to take, said our philosopher, than to sell myself for a slave, or turn Turk. Happiness has abandoned me for ever. A Turban would corrupt all my pleasures. I feel myself incapable of enjoying peace of mind in a religion full of imposture, and which I should never embrace, but from the base motive of interest. No, I shall never be content if I cease to be an honest man: I will therefore become a slave. No sooner had Candid taken this resolution, than he determined to put it in practice. He fixed upon an Armenian merchant for his master: his character was very good, and he was reputed to have as much virtue as an Armenian could possibly have. This Armenian was ready to sail for Norway: he took Candid with him, hoping that a philosopher might be serviceable to him in his trade. They embarked, and the wind was so favourable to them, that they made their passage in half the time which is  
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generally required. They had no occasion to purchase a wind of the Lapland magicians, and therefore, thought it sufficient to give them some trifle, that they might not interrupt their good fortune by their witchcraft; which sometimes happens, if one may believe Moreri's Dictionary.

As soon as they were landed, the Armenian made his market of whale-blubber, and ordered our philosopher to traverse the country in search of dry fish. He acquitted himself of his commission as well as he could, and was returning with a number of rein-deer loaded with this commodity, reflecting deeply on the amazing difference which he discovered between the Laplanders and other men, when he was accosted by an extreme little Laponesse. Her head was rather larger than the rest of her body, her eyes red and fiery, her nose flat, and her mouth reached from ear to ear: she bid him good morrow, with the most engaging air imaginable. My dear little Lord, said this animal, who herself was but one foot ten inches high, you are exceedingly charming; be so kind as to love me a little. So saying, she threw her arms about his neck. Candid pushed her from him with  
in-

inexpressible horror. She cried out; her husband advanced, accompanied by a number of his countrymen. What is the meaning of this noise, said they? 'Tis, said the little animal, only this stranger——alas! I cannot speak for grief; he despises me. I understand you, said the husband: impolite, uncivil, brutal, infamous, cowardly rascal; thou hast brought shame upon my house; thou hast done me the greatest injury; thou hast refused to lye with my wife. Is the man mad, said our hero? What would you have said, had I lain with her? I should have wished you all manner of prosperity, said the enraged Laplander; but thou deservest my utmost indignation; so saying, he exercised his stick upon the shoulders of Candid without mercy. The rein-deer were seized by the relations of the affronted husband, and Candid, fearing worse treatment, was obliged to betake himself to his heels, and evermore to renounce his good master; for he durst not appear before him without money, without fish, and without rein-deer.



## CHAP. XII.

*Candid continues his journey. New adventures.*

CANDID strolled a long time, without even knowing whither he would go: he determined, at last, to make the best of his way to Denmark, where, he had heard, things went well. He found himself possessed of some little money, which the Armenian had given him, and with this weak support, he hoped to accomplish his journey. This hope kept up his spirits, and he still enjoyed some happy moments. He chanced, one day, to meet in an inn, with three travellers who were talking with earnestness of a *plenum*, and *Materia subtilis*. Right, said Candid to himself, these are philosophers. Gentlemen, said he, as to the *plenum*, 'tis incontestable: there is no *vacuum* in nature, and the *materia subtilis* is well imagined. Then you are a Cartesian, said the travellers: yes, said Candid, and what is still more, I am a Leibnitzian. So much the worse for yourself, replied the philosophers: Descartes and Leibnitz had not common sense. As for us, we are Newtonians, and we glory in the distinction:  
if

if we dispute, 'tis only to strengthen our own sentiments, for we are all of the same mind. We seek the truth upon Newtonian principles, because we are convinced that Newton is a great man——And so is Descartes, so is Leibnitz, so is Pangloss, said Candid: these are great men worth all the others. You are very impertinent, friend, replied the philosophers: are you acquainted with the laws of refrangibility, of attraction, and of motion? Have you read doctor Clarke's refutation of your Leibnitz? Do you know what is meant by the centrifugal, and centripetal force? Do you know, that colours are formed by density? Have you any notion of the theory of light, and of gravitation? Are you ignorant of the period of 25,920 years, which unfortunately, does not agree with chronology? No, I warrant, your ideas of all these things are false and imperfect: learn to keep silence therefore, for a pitiful *Monade* as you are, and be careful how you affront gentlemen by comparing them with pigmies. Gentlemen, said Candid, if Pangloss was here, he would teach you surprizing things, for he is a great philosopher: he has an absolute contempt for your Newton, and, as I am his disciple, Newton is no great favourite of mine. The philosophers



phers quite enraged, fell upon Candid, and our poor hero was drubbed most philosophically.

At length their fury abating, they asked pardon for their impetuosity; after which one of them began a learned discourse on mildness and moderation.

During this conversation there happened to pass by a very pompous funeral, whence our philosophers took occasion to comment on the ridiculous vanity of mankind. Would it not, says one of them, be much more rational for the relations and friends of the deceased to carry, without pomp, the corps upon their own shoulders? Would not the mournful employment more effectually excite the idea of death, and produce the most salutary and philosophical effect? Would not this reflexion naturally arise? *This body which I carry is that of my friend, my relation; he is no more, and like him I must cease to exist?* Might not such a custom in some measure diminish the crimes committed in this unhappy world, and reclaim beings which believe in the soul's immortality? Mankind are but too willing to keep the thought of death at a distance, that we should be afraid of reminding them

them of their mortality too often. Why are not the weeping mother or husband present at this solemnity? The plaintive accents of nature, the piercing cries of despair, would do more honour to the ashes of the dead, than all these fable mutes, and that firing of clergy, jovially singing psalms which they do not understand——'Tis well said, replied Candid; if you did but always talk in this manner without beating people, you would be a great philosopher.

Our travellers separated with marks of mutual confidence and friendship. Candid, steering his course towards Denmark, soon found himself in the middle of a wood: in ruminating on the misfortunes which had befallen him in this best of worlds, he had lost his way. The day had considerably declined when he perceived his mistake. His courage failed, and sorrowfully lifting his eyes to heaven, our hero, leaning against a tree, expressed himself in the following words: I have traversed half this globe; I have seen fraud and calumny triumphant: my sole intention has been to be servicable to mankind, yet I have been constantly persecuted. A great king honours me with his favour and the

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bastenado. I am sent to a delightful province, but with a wooden leg: there I tasted pleasure after my misfortunes. An abbé arrives, and I protect him: by my means he insinuates himself at court, and I am obliged to kiss the soles of his feet. I meet my poor Pangloss again, only to see him burnt. I stumble upon a company of philosophers, a species of animals the mildest and most sociable of any that are spread upon the face of the earth, and they beat me most unmercifully. Yet all must be right, because Pangloss said so; nevertheless I am the most miserable of all possible beings.

His meditations were suddenly interrupted by piercing cries which seemed not far off. His curiosity led him on. He beheld a young woman tearing her hair in the most violent agitation of despair. Whosoever you are, said she, if you have a heart, follow me. He followed her, and the first object he beheld was a man and a woman extended on the grass: their aspect bespoke the elevation of their minds and their distinguished origin; their features, tho' disfigured by grief, expressed something so interesting that Candid sympathised in their sorrows, and could not help eagerly enquiring the cause of their misfortunes. These, said the young woman,

woman, are my parents; yes, they are the authors of my unhappy being, continued she, throwing herself into their arms. They were forced to fly to avoid the rigour of an unjust sentence: I attended them in their flight; and was contented to share their misfortunes, in hopes that I might be of some service in procuring nourishment for them in the desert we were going to enter. We stopt here to repose awhile, and unhappily discovering that tree, I was deceived in its fruit. O Sir! I am a most horrid criminal! Arm yourself in defence of virtue, and punish me as I deserve. Strike! . . . That fruit . . . I gave it to my parents; they eat of it with pleasure: I rejoiced that I had relieved them from the torment of thirst. Unhappily, I presented them with death: the fruit is poison.

Candid shook with horror; his hair stood up-right; a cold sweat covered his whole body. He immediately did all in his power to assist this wretched family; but the poison had already made so much progress, that the best antidote would now have been ineffectual. Dear, dear child, our only hope and comfort! said the



expiring parents, forgive thyself; we sincerely forgive thee; it was thy excessive tenderness which deprives us of life — O generous stranger! be careful of our daughter: her heart is noble and formed for virtue: 'tis a treasure which we commit to thy care, infinitely more precious than our past fortune — Dearest Zenoide, receive our last embraces; mix thy tears with ours: O heaven, what delightful moments are these! Thou hast opened to us the door of the comfortless dungeon in which we have lived forty tedious years. We bless thee with our last breath, praying that thou mayst never forget the lessons which our prudence dictated; and that they may preserve thee from the danger to which thou wilt necessarily be exposed!

Pronouncing these words, they expired. Candid had great difficulty to bring Zenoide to herself. The solitude of the place and the pale light of the moon rendered the melancholy scene still more affecting. The day began to dawn before Zenoide recovered the use of her senses. She no sooner opened her eyes than she desired Candid to dig a hole to inter the bodies: even she herself assisted with astonishing resolution.

This

This duty being discharged, she gave vent to her tears. Our philosopher persuaded her to quit this fatal spot, and they walked along for some time without knowing whither they went. At length they perceived a little cottage, which was inhabited by an old man and his wife, who in the midst of this desert were always ready to render all the service in their power to their distressed brethren. This couple were in fact what Philemon and Baucis are said to have been. They had enjoyed the sweets of Hymen forty years without one bitter draught. Constant health, the produce of temperance and tranquillity; a pleasing simplicity of manners; an exhaustless fund of candor in their disposition; all the virtues for which man is indebted to himself alone, composed the happy lot which heaven had been pleased to grant them. They were held in great veneration in the neighbouring hamlets, whose inhabitants, happy in their rusticity, might have passed for very honest people, if they had been Catholics. They considered it as their duty to support Agaton and Suname (such were the names of this old couple) and they now extended their charity to the two strangers. Alas! said Candid, what pity it was that you, my poor Pangloss, were burnt: I know you were quite right; but it was not in



those parts of Europe and Asia, which we traversed together, that all is for the best: it is in Eldorado, which it is impossible to reach, and in a little cottage situated in the coldest, the most barren, and the most dismal country in the whole world. What pleasure should I have had to hear you in this cabin talk of pre-establiſhed harmony and *monades*! I should like to spend the rest of my days among these honest Lutherans; but it would oblige me to renounce going to mass, and expose me to the lash of the *Journal Chretien*.

Candid grew very desirous to know the adventures of Zenoide, but was too discreet to mention it: she perceived his impatience, and satisfied him in the words of the following chapter.

## C H A P. XIII.

*The Story of Zenaide. As how Candid became enamoured with her, and what was the consequence.*

I AM descended from one of the most ancient houses of Denmark: one of my ancestors perished in that place where the wicked Christiern caused such a number of senators to be put to death. The accumulated riches and honours of my family served only to render their misfortunes more illustrious. My father had the boldness to disoblige a man in power, by speaking the truth; he suborned false accusers, who charged him with several imaginary crimes. The judges were deceived: alas! What judge can always avoid the snares which calumny spreads for innocence. My father was condemned to lose his head on a scaffold. Flight only could preserve him, and he took refuge with a friend, one whom he thought worthy of this amiable appellation. We continued sometime concealed in a castle on the sea shore, which belonged to him, and here we might have been still secure, if the cruel wretch, taking advantage of our deplorable situation, had



not exacted a price for his friendship, which made us consider him with detestation. The infamous creature had conceived a violent passion for my mother and me: he made an attempt on our virtue by methods unworthy of a gentleman, and, to avoid the effects of his brutality, we were obliged to expose ourselves to the most frightful dangers: we betook ourselves to flight a second time, and you know the rest. Here Zenoide finished her relation, and she began to weep afresh. Candid dried up her tears, and said, in order to comfort her: 'tis all for the best, my dear Miss; for if your father had not been poisoned, he would, most infallibly, have been discovered, and they would have cut off his head: your mother would have died of grief perhaps, and we should not now be in this poor cottage, where all things are much better, than in the most charming castle imaginable. Alas! Sir, replied Zenoide, my father never told me that all was for the best. We all belong to one God, who loves us; but he will not exempt us from the devouring cares, the cruel distempers, the innumerable evils to which human nature is liable. In America, poison and the bark grow close to each other. The happiest of mortals has shed tears. A mixture

ture of pleasures and pain, constitutes what we call life; that is to say, a determined space of time (always too long in the opinion of wisdom) which ought to be employed in being useful to the society of which we are members, to rejoice in the works of the Almighty, without foolishly enquiring into their causes; to regulate our conduct upon the testimony of our conscience; and above all, to respect our religion; happy if we could always observe its precepts!

In this manner have I heard my honoured father frequently speak. What presumptuous wretches, would he say, are those rash scribblers, who seek to penetrate into the secrets of the Almighty. On the principle, that God expects to be honoured by the numberless atoms to whom he has given existence, mankind have united ridiculous chimeras, with the most respectable truths. The Dervise among the Turks, the Brethren in Persia, the Bonz in China, the Talapoin in India, all worship the Deity in a different manner; nevertheless they enjoy peace of mind, though bewildered in obscurity; those who would endeavour to dispel the mist would do them no service; he cannot be said to love mankind, who would remove their prejudices.



You speak like a philosopher, said Candid: may I presume to ask you, my dearest young lady, of what religion you are. I was brought up a Lutheran, replied Zenoide, 'tis the religion of my country. Every thing you say, continued Candid, is a ray of light which penetrates my soul: you fill me with esteem and admiration — How is it possible that so much sense should inhabit so fair a body? Indeed my dear Miss, I love and admire you to such a degree — Candid stammered out something more; but Zenoide, perceiving his confusion, retired: from that moment, she avoided all occasions of being alone with him, and Candid sought every opportunity of being either alone with her or intirely by himself. He was seized with a melancholy, which, however, was not unpleasing; he was violently in love with Zenoide, yet endeavoured to dissemble his passion; but his looks betrayed the secret of his heart. Alas! said he, if Pangloss was here he would give me good advice, for he was a great philosopher.

## C H A P. XIV.

*Continuation of Candid's Amour.*

CANDID was forced to be content with the poor consolation of conversing with the beautiful Zenoide in the presence of the old man and his wife. And was it possible, said he one day to the mistress of his heart, that the king, whom you were allowed to approach, could permit such a flagrant act of injustice to your family? You have great reason to hate him. Alas, replied Zenoide, who can hate their king?

Who can avoid loving him who is intrusted with the glittering blade of the law? Kings are the visible images of the Deity; we ought never to condemn their conduct: obedience and respect are the duties of good subjects. I admire you more and more, answered Candid: pray, Miss, are you acquainted with the great Leibniz, and the great Pangloss, who was burnt, after having escaped hanging? Do you know the *monades*, the *materia subtilis* and the *vortices*? No, Sir, said Zenoide; my father never



mentioned any of these things; he gave me only a slight notion of experimental philosophy, and taught me to despise every kind of philosophy which did not directly tend to promote the happiness of mankind; which inspires him with false notions of his duty to himself and to his neighbour; which does not teach him how to regulate his manners; which serves only to fill his mind with unintelligible words, and rash conjectures; which cannot give a clearer idea of the author of our being, than that which we form from his works, and the miracles which are daily performed before our eyes. Upon my word Miss, said Candid, I admire you beyond expression; I am enchanted; I am ravished; you are certainly an angel sent from heaven to confute the sophisms of Master Pangloss. Ignorant animal that I was! After having endured a prodigious number of kicks on the backside, of stripes across my shoulders, of strokes with a bull's pizzle on the soles of my feet; after having felt an earthquake; after having been present at the hanging of Doctor Pangloss, and lately seen him burnt alive; after having been ignominiously used by a vile Persian; after having been plundered by order of the Divan, and drubbed by a company of philosophers; notwithstanding all this, I believed that all was for the best,

but

but I am now entirely undeceived. Nevertheless, nature never appeared to me so beautiful as since I have beheld you. The rural concerts of birds strike my ears with a harmony, to which, till now, I was quite insensible. All nature blooms, and the beauty of your sentiments seem to animate every object. I feel none of that voluptuous languor which I experienced in my garden at Sus ; the passion you inspire is quite different. Forbear, said Zenoide, lest you offend that delicacy which you ought to respect. I will be silent then, said Candid, but that will only augment my passion. He looked earnestly at Zenoide, as he pronounced these words ; he perceived that she blushed, and thence, like a man of experience, he conceived the most flattering hopes.

The young Dane continued for some time to shun her lover. One day as he was walking hastily in the garden, he cried out in a transport of love, O that I had but my Eldoradonian sheep ! Why am I not able to buy a little kingdom ? . . . . What would you make me ? said a voice that shot through the heart of our philosopher. Is it you, charming Zenoide ? said he,



he, falling upon his knees at her feet, I thought myself alone. The few words you spoke seemed to flatter my hopes. I shall never be a king, and possibly never shall be rich; but if I were beloved by you. . . . O do not turn away those charming eyes, but let me read in them a confession which alone can make me happy. Beautiful Zenoi<sup>d</sup>e, I adore you: for heaven's sake be merciful. . . . Ah! what do I see? You weep. Gods, I am too happy. Yes, said Zenoi<sup>d</sup>e, you are happy; nothing obliges me to conceal my sensibility from a person who deserves it. Hitherto you have been attached to my destiny by the ties of humanity only: it is now time to strengthen our union with more holy bonds. I have deliberately consulted my own heart; do you also maturely reflect, and above all things remember, that by marrying me you engage to become my protector; to soften and participate the miseries which fate may still have reserved for me. Marry you? said Candid, these words have at once opened my eyes, and shewn me the imprudence of my conduct. Alas! sweet lady, I am unworthy of your goodness: Cunegund is yet living. . . . Cunegund, who is she? My wife, replied Candid, with his usual ingenuity.

Our

Our lovers stood silent for some moments; they would have spoken; but the words expired upon their lips: their eyes swam in tears. Candid held both her hands in his; he prest them to his heart; he devoured them with kisses. He had the courage to touch her heaving breast, and found that she breathed with difficulty. His soul rose up to his lips, which by pressing those of Zenoide, brought her to herself. Candid thought he saw his pardon written in her eyes. Dear Candid, said she, my displeasure would but ill repay those transports which my heart in spite of me approves. Yet hold; you will ruin me in the opinion of mankind, and you will cease to love me when I am become the object of their contempt. Stop then, and respect my weakness. What! said Candid, because the stupid vulgar say that a girl is dishonoured in making her lover happy, in following the generous dictates of nature, which in the early ages of the world...

We shall not repeat the whole of this interesting conversation, but shall content ourselves with saying, that Candid's eloquence, embellished with the language of love, had all the effect



effect that might be expected on a young, sensible, female philosopher.

Our lovers, who had hitherto passed their time in disquietude and affliction, were now continually intoxicated with pleasure. The silence of the forest, the mountains covered with brambles and surrounded with precipices; the frozen waters, and barren fields with which they were environed, served but to persuade them of the necessity of love: they resolved never to quit this frightful solitude; but destiny was not yet weary of her persecutions, as we shall see in the next chapter.



## C H A P. XV.

*The arrival of Volball. Journey to Copenhagen.*

CANDID and his mistress amused themselves with reasoning on the works of the Creator, on the worship due to him from mankind, on the duties of society, more especially on charity, which, of all other virtues, is the most useful

useful to our fellow creatures. They were not content with vain declamations: Candid taught youth to respect the sacred restrictions of the law, and Zenoide instructed young maidens in their duty to their parents; they united their endeavours to sow the prolific seeds of religion in Juvenile minds. One day as they were busied in this pious employment, Suname acquainted Zenoide, that an old gentleman, with several attendants, was just come, and enquired for a person, who, she was convinced by his description, could be no other than the beautiful Zenoide. The gentleman who followed her close, entered almost at the same instant.

Zenoide fainted away as soon as she saw him; but Volhall, unmoved at this affecting sight, took her by the hand, and dragged her with so much violence that she came to herself; but it was only to shed a torrent of tears. 'Tis very well niece, said he, with a severe smile, I have caught you in fine company; no wonder you should prefer it to the capital, to my house, and to your own family. Yes, Sir, replied Zenoide, I prefer the habitation of truth and candor to that of treachery and imposture. I shall never behold, without horror, the place where my  
mis-



misfortunes began, where I have had such convincing proofs of your baseness, and where you are the only relation I have. No matter, Miss, replied Volhall, you shall follow me, if you please, though you were to have another fit. So saying, he dragged her along, and put her into a chaise. She had but just time to bid Candid follow her, to bless her kind host and hostess, promising to reward them for their generous hospitality.

One of Volhall's servants, being moved with Candid's affliction, and believing he had no other interest in the young lady than what virtue in distress might inspire, advised him to take a journey to Copenhagen. He told him, he could probably get him admitted into Volhall's family, if he had no other resource. Candid accepted his offer, and being arrived, his future comrade presented him as a relation for whose fidelity he would answer. Maraut, said Volhall, I consent: you shall have the honour of waiting on a man of my rank and distinction; but be careful always to pay an implicit obedience to my will: anticipate my commands if you are endowed with sufficient penetration: remember that a man of my distinction degrades him-

Himself by conversing with such a wretch as you. Our philosopher replied with great submission to this impertinent harangue, and that very day he was dressed in his master's livery.

One may easily imagine Zenoide's astonishment and joy, when she recollected her lover, among her uncle's servants. She gave him all the opportunities she could, which Candid judiciously improved to their mutual satisfaction. They vowed an eternal constancy; nevertheless Zenoide was far from being quite easy: she sometimes condemned her passion for Candid, and would now and then afflict him for amusement; but Candid adored her; he knew that perfection did not fall to the lot of man, much less of woman. Zenoide recovered her good humour in his arms; the constraint they were obliged to observe increased their enjoyment, and they were yet happy.

C H A P.



## CHAP XVI.

*As how Candid found his wife, and lost his mistress.*

OUR hero was contented to bear the haughty humours of his master, so long as he enjoyed the favours of his mistress. Happy lovers cannot conceal their passion so easily as is generally imagined; they soon betrayed their own secret; their connection was no longer a mystery to any one in the house, except to Volhall himself. Candid was honoured with felicitations that made him tremble; he expected the storm which was about to burst over his head, and was in no doubt that the person who had been so dear to him, was upon the point of accelerating his misfortunes.

For some days past Candid had observed a woman, whose face bore a strong resemblance to that of Cunegund: he now saw her again in the court-yard, but her garb was mean; besides, there was not the least probability that the favourite mistress of a rich Mahometan should appear in the court-yard of an inn at Copenhagen.

Ne-

Nevertheless, this disagreeable object fixed her eyes on Candid with great attention. She now precipitately approached, and saluted him with the most violent box on the ear he ever received in his life. I was not deceived, cried our philosopher; O heavens, who could have thought it! What business have you here, after suffering yourself to be ravished by a Mahometan? Go, perfidious spouse, I know nothing of you. Thou shalt know me by my fury, said Cunegund. I know all thy wicked courses, thy intrigue with thy master's niece, thy contempt of me. Alas! 'tis three months since I was turned out of the seraglio, because I was no longer useful. A merchant bought me to mend his linnen, and having occasion to make a voyage to these parts, brought me along with him. Martin, Cacambo, and Paquette, whom he also purchased, are of the party. Doctor Pangloss also, by the greatest chance imaginable, was a passenger in the same ship: we were cast away a few miles from hence; I escaped with honest Cacambo, whose flesh, I assure thee, is as firm as thine; and I have found thee again to my sorrow, for thy infidelity is manifest. Tremble there



therefore, and dread the vengeance of an injured woman.

Candid was so stupified with this moving scene, that he suffered Cunegund to depart without considering how necessary it is to keep terms with those who are in our secrets, when all at once Cacambo presented himself to his view. They tenderly embraced. Candid inquired into the truth of what he had heard, and was extremely afflicted for the loss of the great Pangloss, who after having been hanged and burnt, was most miserably drowned. He spoke of him with that effusion of heart, which true friendship inspires. A *bill* which Zenoide threw out of the window, put an end to their conversation. Candid opened it, and read as follows:

“ Fly, my dear lover, every thing is discovered.  
“ An innocent and natural inclination, which does  
“ no injury to society, is a crime in the estimation  
“ of credulous and cruel men. Volhall has this  
“ moment left my chamber, after treating me with  
“ the utmost inhumanity: he is gone to obtain  
“ an order to have you immured in a dungeon.

Fly,

“ Fly therefore, my dear, dear lover, and save a  
 ‘ life which I am no longer suffered to enjoy.  
 ‘ Those happy days are past, when our mutual  
 ‘ tenderness.—Ah! wretched Zenoide, what hast  
 ‘ thou done to deserve the wrath of heaven? But  
 ‘ I wander: O do not forget thy dear Zenoide.  
 ‘ Dear Candid, thy image will never be effaced  
 ‘ from my heart.—No, thou never knew how  
 ‘ much I loved thee—Oh that thou could’st re-  
 ‘ ceive from my burning lips, my last farewell,  
 ‘ and my last sigh! I feel that I am ready to fol-  
 ‘ low my unhappy father: I hold the world in  
 ‘ abhorrence; ’tis all treachery and guilt.’

Cacambo, always wise and prudent, drew poor  
 Candid along, who had not one sense left: they  
 took the shortest way out of the city. Candid  
 never opened his lips, and they were a consider-  
 able distance from Copenhagen before he reco-  
 vered from his stupefaction. At last, looking sted-  
 fastly at Cacambo, he spake to the following ef-  
 fect:



## C H A P. XVII.

*As how Candid resolved to kill himself, but changed his mind. Adventure in an inn.*

**M**Y dear Cacambo, once my servant, now my equal, and always my friend, thou hast shared in some of my misfortunes; thou hast given me good advice; thou hast been a witness to my affection for Cunegund—Alas! my old master, said Cacambo, she has played you a vile trick; she was informed of your passion for Zennoide by your fellow-servants, and then, notwithstanding her great affection for you, she revealed it to the brutal Volhall. Since this is the case, said Candid, death is my only refuge. Our philosopher then taking a pen-knife out of his pocket, began to whet it with a composure worthy of an ancient Roman, or of an Englishman. What do you mean, said Cacambo? To cut my throat, said Candid. An excellent thought, replied Cacambo; but wisdom should never determine, till after mature deliberation: the means of death will be always in your own power, if you continue in the same mind. Be advised, my dear master, and put it off till to-morrow; the longer  
you

you defer it, the more courageous will be the action. I like thy reasoning, said Candid; besides, if I should cut my throat now, the Gaze-  
teer of Trevoux, would insult my memory: it is then determined, I will not cut my throat for this two or three days at least. Thus conversing they arrived at Elsineur, a pretty considerable town, at a little distance from Copenhagen: here they rested that night, and Cacambo applauded himself for the good effect which sleep had produced in the mind of Candid. They took their leave of this town at break of day, and Candid, always a philosopher, for the prejudices of youth are not easily effaced, entertained his friend Cacambo with a dissertation on moral and physical good, with the discourses of the wise Zenoide, and the true lights he had received from her learned conversation. If Pangloss was not dead, said he, I would confute his system beyond contradiction. God preserve me from becoming a Manachean. My dear mistress has taught me to respect the impenetrable veil by which the Deity chuses to conceal his designs from mankind. Perhaps man himself is the cause of the misfortunes under which he groans: fruit eaters are become carniferous animals. The savages we have seen devour only the Jesuits, yet they live in



perfect harmony among themselves, and those which, by chance, are scattered through the desert, and feed only upon roots and herbs, are certainly happy. Society has given birth to the most heinous crimes. There are people, who, from their situation, seem as it were obliged to desire the death of their fellow creatures. The ship-wreck of a vessel, the burning of a house, and the loss of a battle, is the occasion of grief to some, and of joy to others.<sup>n<sup>o</sup></sup> Things go very ill, my dear Cacambo, and a wise man has nothing to do but to cut his throat as gently as possible. You are in the right, said Cacambo, but I perceive an inn, you must be thirsty; come, my old master, let us take a glass, and then we will proceed in our philosophical disquisitions.

They entered the inn, where a crowd of peasants were dancing in the middle of the court, to the sound of very bad instruments. A chearful smile sat on every face: 'twas a picture worthy the pencil of Vataou. As soon as they perceived Candid, a young girl took him by the hand, intreating him to dance. My sweet lass, replied Candid, when a man has lost his mistress, found his wife, and but just heard of the death of the great Pangloss, he can have no inclination

to cut capers: besides, I intend to kill myself to-morrow, and you know, when a person has but a few hours to live, he should not waste his time in dancing. Cacambo then advanced, and expressed himself in the following manner: Great philosophers have always had a passion for glory. Cato of Utica killed himself after having slept soundly; Socrates swallowed hemlock after familiarly conversing with his friends; several Englishmen have blown out their brains after coming from an entertainment: but I have never heard of any great man, who cut his throat after dancing. No, my dear Master, this glory is reserved for you. Let us dance our bellies full to day, and we will kill ourselves to-morrow. Dost thou not observe, replied Candid, that pretty lively wench? There is something vastly striking in her countenance, said Cacambo. She squeezed my hand, replied our philosopher. Did you take notice, said Cacambo, of her little round breasts, when her handkerchief flew back as she was dancing? Yes, I observed them well, said Candid: if my heart was not full of the charms of Miss Zenoide — but the little black girl interrupted Cacambo, and again besought him to dance. Our hero was at last persuaded,



and danced with the genteelest air imaginable. He then embraced the pretty peasant, and retired to his seat without asking the queen of the ball to dance. Immediately there was a confused murmur; both the actors and spectators were shocked at such a manifest neglect. Candid was ignorant of his fault, and therefore could make no apology. At length a great clown came forward, and gave him a flap in the face, which was returned by Cacambo with a kick in the belly. The instruments were scattered about in an instant, the women lost their caps. Candid and Cacambo behaved like heroes; but they were forced to betake themselves to their heels, though quite crippled with the blows they had received.

I am very unlucky, said Candid, leaning on his friend Cacambo; I have experienced great misfortunes, but I never expected to have had my bones broke for dancing with a peasant, at her own request.

## C H A P. XVIII.

*Candid and Cacambo retire to an hospital. Adventure there.*

CACAMBO and his quondam master were unable to proceed ; they began to give way to that malady of the soul which destroys all its faculties, dejection and despair : when looking up they espied an hospital built for travellers. Cacambo entered, and Candid followed him : they were treated in the manner in which people are generally treated for the love of God. Their wounds were speedily healed ; but they both got the itch, which was not to be cured in a few days. This idea drew tears from the eyes of our philosopher, and, scratching himself, he said, O my dear Cacambo, why didst thou hinder me from cutting my throat ? Thy pernicious counsel hath plunged me again into disgrace and misfortune : if I should now cut my throat, they would say, in the *Journal of Trevoux*, He was a coward ; he killed himself because he had the itch. See to what thou hast exposed me by thy injudicious friendship. Our misfortunes are not



without a remedy, said Cacambo; if you will follow my advice, we will become brothers of the hospital; I understand a little of surgery, and I will engage to render our woeful condition supportable. Ah! cried Candid, pox take all the asses in the world, and especially those chyrurgical asses, so fatal to human nature! No, I will not suffer thee to pass for what thou art not; 'twere a piece of treachery, the consequences of which might be terrible. Besides, if thou didst but know, after having been viceroy of a rich province, after having been able to purchase kingdoms, after having been the happy lover of Miss Zenoide, how hard it is to resolve to serve as mate in an hospital. All this I know full well; but I also know that it is very hard to die of hunger. Besides, the plan which I propose is perhaps the only one to elude the cruelty of Volhall.

Whilst he thus spake, one of the brothers of the hospital happening to pass, asked him a few questions to which he replied properly. This brother assured them that the fraternity lived well, and enjoyed decent liberty. Candid resolved: they were admitted without scruple, and these two miserable beings began to administer comfort to beings yet more miserable.

One

One day, as Candid was distributing some bad broth among the patients, an old man particularly caught his attention. He seemed in the agony of death. Poor man, said Candid, how I pity you! You must suffer terribly. Indeed I do, he replied, with a hollow sepulchral voice: they tell me that I have a complication of distempers, and that I am poxed to the very bone; if so, I must needs be extremely ill. Nevertheless, 'tis all for the best, and that's my consolation. No man in the world, said Candid, but Doctor Pangloss, could maintain optimism in such a deplorable situation, when every other mortal would preach pesh. .... Do not pronounce that detestable word, said the poor old man; I am that very Pangloss. Wretch, let me die in peace: all things are good, every thing is best. The effort he made in pronouncing these words, cost him his last tooth, and in a few moments after he expired.

Candid bewailed his death, for he had a good heart: his obstinacy, however, afforded matter of reflection to our philosopher. He would frequently ruminate on his adventures. Cunegund had remained at Copenhagen, where, he was informed, she mended shirts and stockings with great reputation. He had now lost all his passion



for travelling. The faithful Cacambo assisted him with his advice and friendship. He never murmured at the dispensations of providence: I know, he would sometimes say, that happiness is not the lot of humanity; it is no where to be found, except in the good country of Eldorado; but to go thither is impossible.



## C H A P. XIX.

### *New adventures.*

CANDID was not quite unhappy, for he had a true friend. He had found, in an American mongrel valet, what, in Europe, we seek in vain. Perhaps nature, who has planted simples in America proper for the maladies of European bodies, may there also have sown remedies for the disorders of our hearts and minds. Perhaps there are a species of men in this new world, who are formed differently from us; who are not slaves to self-interest; who are capable of sincere friendship. 'Twere happy if instead of bales of indigo and cocheneal, stained with blood, they would bring us some of these men;

men: this kind of commerce would be very advantageous to mankind. Cacambo was of more value to Candid than a dozen of red sheep loaded with the pebbles of Eldorado. Our philosopher now began to be reconciled to life. He consoled himself that he was employed in the preservation of the human species, and in not being an useless member of society. Heaven rewarded the purity of his intentions, by restoring to him, as well as to his friend Cacambo, the blessing of health. They had no longer the itch, and they performed the duties of their function with great alacrity; but alas! fate soon broke in upon their peaceful security. Cune-gund, who had set her heart upon tormenting her husband, sallied forth from Copenhagen in pursuit of him: chance directed her to the hospital; she was accompanied by a man whom Candid soon discovered to be the Baron Thunder-ten-tronckh: his surprize may be easily supposed. The Baron, perceiving it, spake to him in these words. I did not long continue to row in the Turkish galleys: the Jesuits, hearing of my misfortune, redeemed me for the honour of the society. I made a tour to Germany, where I received some civilities from my father's heirs. I left nothing unattempted to get intelligence of my sister; and hearing at Constantinople,



tinople, that she had embarked on board a vessel which was cast away on the coast of Denmark, I disguised myself and departed, being provided with proper letters of recommendation to Danish merchants in connection with the society: in short, I have found my sister again, who loves you notwithstanding you are unworthy of that honour; and since you have had the influence to lye with her, I consent to the ratification, or rather a new celebration of your nuptials; that is to say, provided she gives you only her left hand, which is but reasonable, as she has no less than seventy-one quarters, and you have none at all. Alas, says Candid, all the quarters in the world, without beauty . . . Miss Cunegund was very ugly when I imprudently married her; she became handsome, and another has enjoyed her charms; she is again grown ugly, and you would have me give my hand to her a second time: no, no, reverend father; send her back to her seraglio at Constantinople; she has done me but too much injury in this country. Ungrateful man, said Cunegund, making horrible contortions, how can you be so hard-hearted? Do not oblige the Baron, now a priest, to wash the blot out of his escutcheon with our blood. Dost thou believe me capable of consenting to the act of infidelity? What wouldst

woulst thou have had me done when I was in the power of a Turk who thought me handsome? neither tears, nor my cries, had any effect on his savage brutality: so that, finding it in vain to resist, I contrived to be as commodiously ravished as possible, as any other woman would have done in my situation: this is all my crime. But my greatest offence is having robbed thee of thy mistress, which on the contrary, thou shouldst consider as a proof of my affection. Come, come my dear little soul; if ever I should grow handsome again; if my breasts, which now are somewhat pendant, should recover their rotund elasticity; if . . . they shall be all for thee alone my dear Candid: we are no longer in Turkey, and I swear that I will never suffer myself to be ravished again.

This discourse made no very deep impression upon Candid. He desired a little time for consideration. The Baron granted him two hours, which he spent in consulting with his friend Cambo. After having weighed every argument *pro* and *con*, they determined to accompany the Baron and his sister to Germany. Accordingly every thing being settled, they set out all together; not on foot, but mounted on good cavalry, which the Jesuite Baron had brought  
along



along with him. They were now arrived at the frontiers of the kingdom, when a tall ill favoured fellow fixed his eyes attentively on our hero. 'Tis the very man, said he, pray Sir if I may be so bold, is not your name Candid? Yes, Sir, replied Candid, so I have always been called. I am extremely glad of it, said the man. Yes indeed you have black eye-brows, ears of a moderate size, a round face and ruddy complexion, and you appear to be about five foot five. Yes Sir, said Candid, that is exactly my height; but what are my ears and my height to you. Sir, replied the man, we cannot be too circumspect in our employment: permit me to ask you another question; was you not in the service of Squire Volhall? In truth, Sir, said Candid, a little disconcerted, I do not understand... But I understand perfectly well that you are the person whose description I have in my hand. Please to walk into the guard room. Soldiers, conduct the gentlemen in, prepare the black hole, and tell the Smith to make a slight chain of about thirty or forty pound weight. Mr. Candid, you have got a good like horse there; I want one of that colour, we shall agree about him by and by.

The Baron did not dare to claim his beast. Cunegund wept for a quarter of an hour. The Jesuite beheld the scene without emotion. I should have been obliged, said he to his sister, either to kill him or force him to re-marry you; and all things considered, 'tis the best that could happen for the honour of our family. Cunegund and her brother set out for Germany; but the faithful Cacambo resolved not to abandon his friend in distress.



## C H A P. XX.

*The continuation of Candid's misfortunes; how he found his mistress again, and what was the consequence.*

O Pangloss! said Candid, 'tis a thousand pities, that you have perished so miserably: you have been witness only to the smallest part of my misfortunes, and I was in hopes to make you reject that groundless opinion you so obstinately maintained, even unto death. There is not a man in the world who has experienced greater adversity than I have; and yet there is  
not



not a single soul who has not cursed his own existence, as the daughter of Pope Urban very pathetically told us. What will become of me, my dear Cacambo? I cannot tell, replied Cacambo, all I know is, that I will never forsake you. But Cunegund has forsaken me, said Candid. Alas! a wife is not worth an American friend.

This was the conversation of Candid and Cacambo in a dungeon, from whence they were dragged in order to be conveyed to Copenhagen, where our philosopher was to learn his fate. He feared it would be a dreadful one, as the reader may also apprehend; but Candid was mistaken, and so is the reader. He was destined to be happy at Copenhagen, where he was no sooner arrived than he was apprized of the death of Volhall; this brute died unlamented, and every body concerned themselves about Candid. His chains were immediately knocked off, and liberty was the more agreeable to him, as it furnished him with the means of finding Zenoide. He hastened to her house, he was a long time before he could utter a syllable, but their silence was sufficiently expressive; they embraced, they endeavoured to speak, but they could only weep. Cacambo enjoyed this delightful scene like a  
being

being of sensibility; he sympathized in his friend's joy, and was almost in the same situation. My dear Cacambo, my beloved Zenoide, cried Candid, I am now recompenced for all my sufferings. Love and friendship shall sweeten the remainder of my life. What numberless difficulties have paved the way to this unexpected happiness? But all is now forgotten, dearest Zenoide, I see you, you love me; all things go well with me now, every thing is for the best.

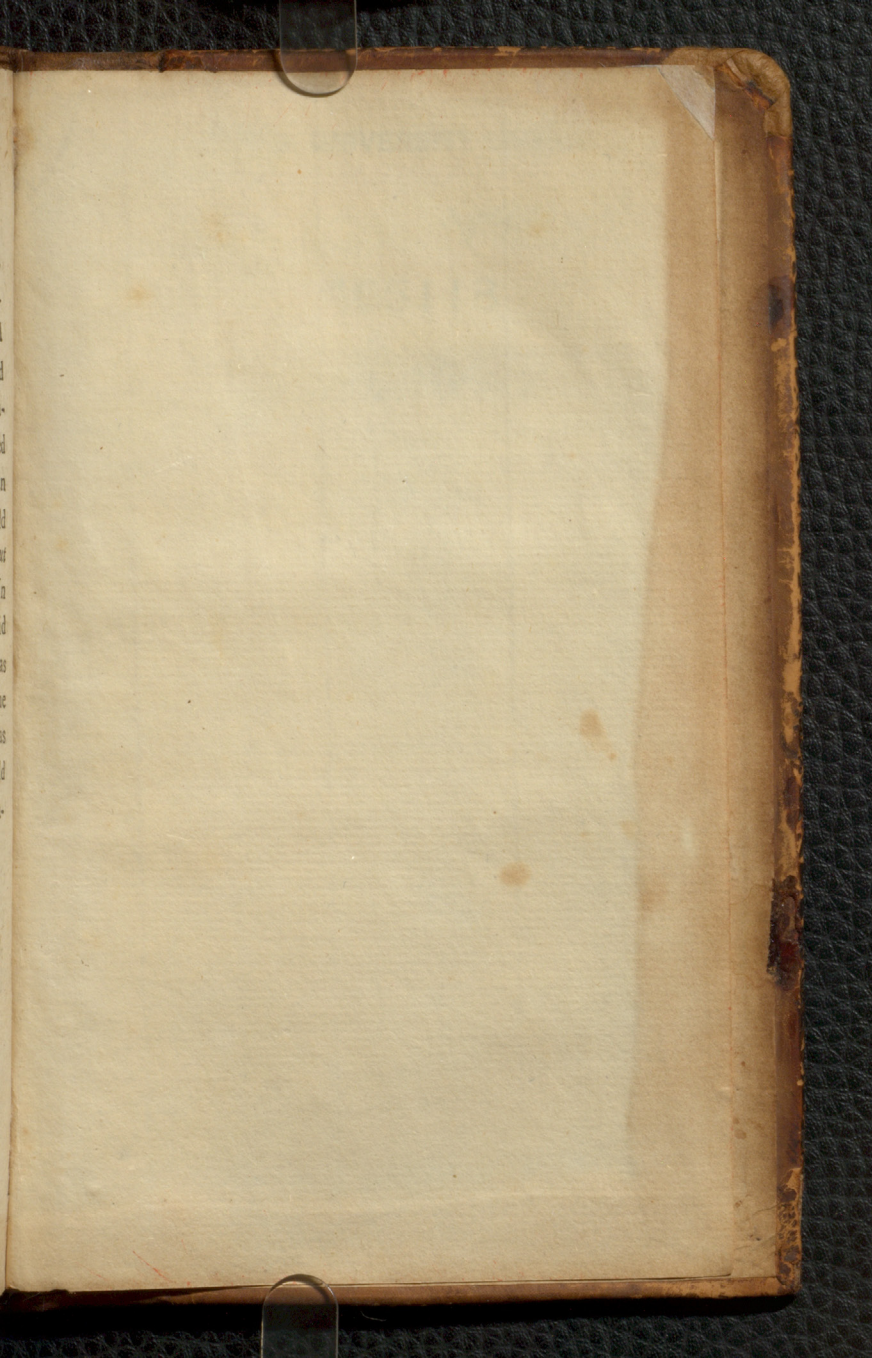
The death of Volhall left Zenoide her own mistress, and the court allowed her a pension out of her father's fortune which had been confiscated. She readily shared with Candid and Cacambo, whom she permitted to live in the same house, and industriously reported, that, having received such signal services from these two strangers, she thought herself obliged to reward them with all the pleasures of life. Some shrewd people penetrated into the motives of her kindness, which was not very difficult, as her intrigue with Candid, had unluckily transpired. Most people condemned her, and her conduct was approved, only by a few people who knew the world. Zenoide who payed some regard to the esteem of fools, was not quite happy

in

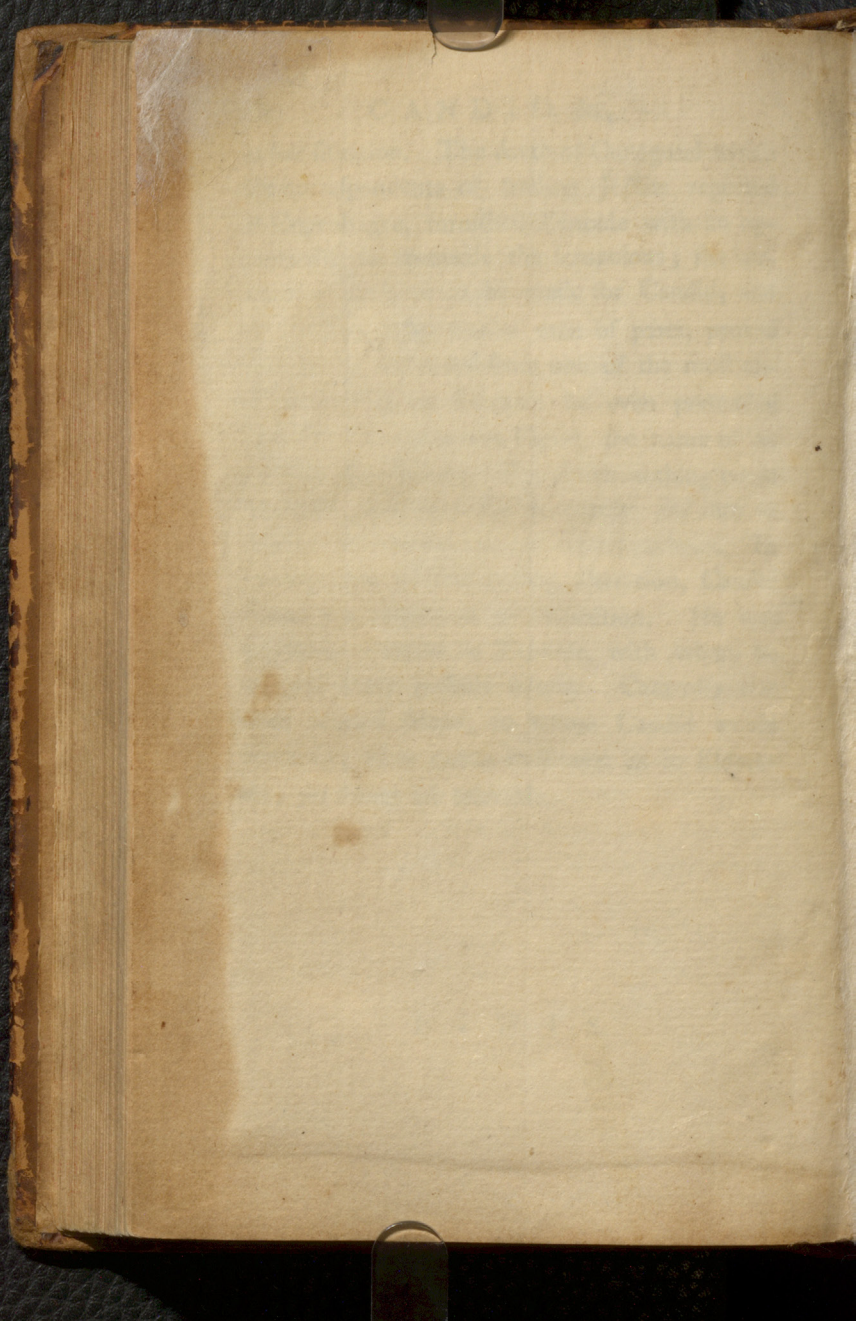


in her situation. The death of Cunegund which the correspondents of trading Jesuits reported at Copenhagen, furnished Zenoide with an opportunity to reconcile the scrupulous; she ordered a pedigree to be made for Candid, and the author, who was a man of parts, proved him to be descended from one of the most ancient families in Europe: he even pretended that his real name was Canut, the name of an ancient Danish king, than which nothing could be more probable; for to change *did* into *ut* was no very extraordinary metamorphosis. In consequence of this trifling alteration, Candid became a nobleman of distinction. He was publicly married to Zenoide, with whom he enjoyed every possible felicity. Cacambo was their mutual friend, to whom Candid would often say, all is not so well here, as in Eldorado; yet things are tolerable.

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